

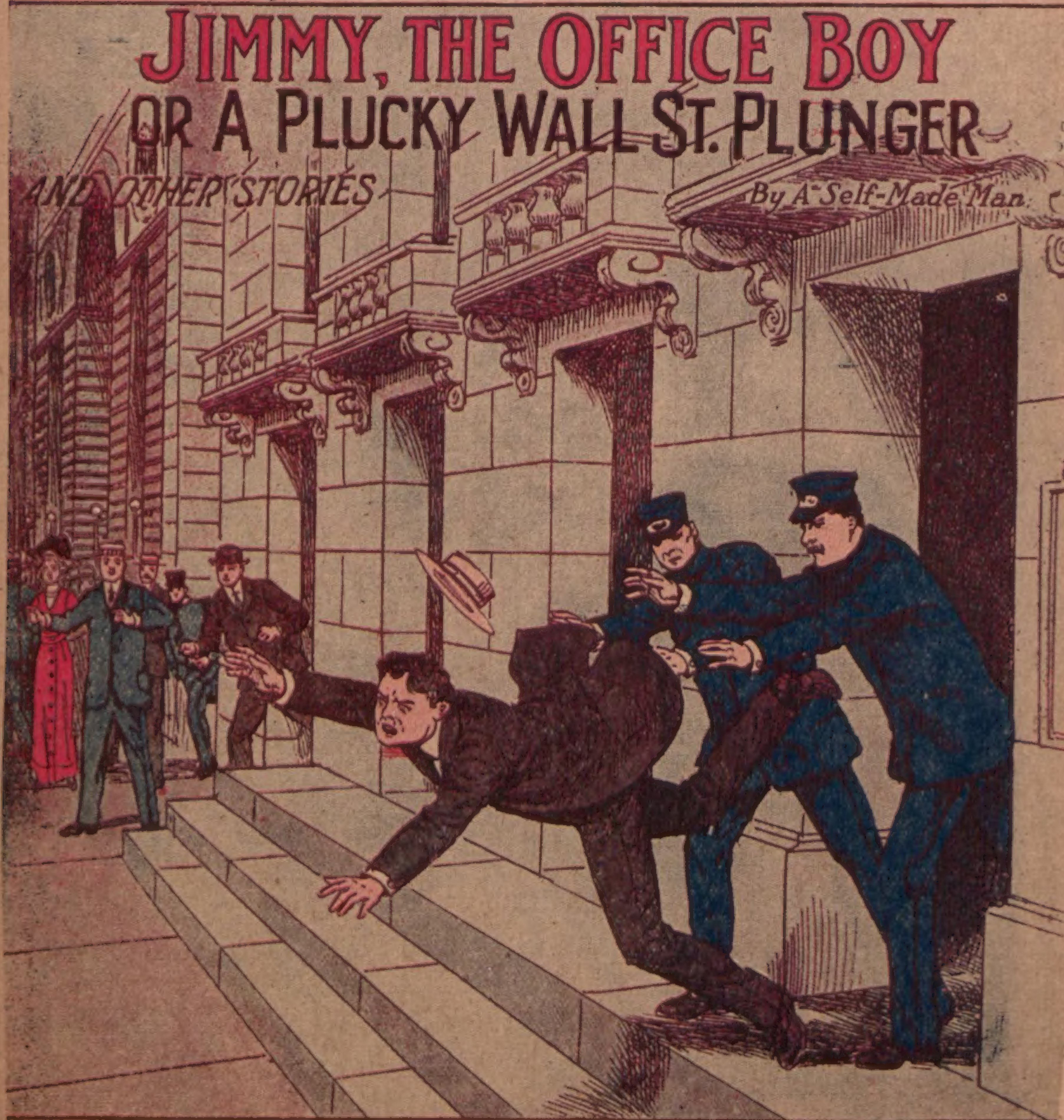
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

JIMMY, THE OFFICE BOY OR A PLUCKY WALL ST. PLUNGER

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man.



The two attendants rushed Jimmy out of the Exchange with very little ceremony "Get out of here," cried one of them, as they flung him roughly forward. The boy lost his balance and pitched head forward down the steps.

Jimmy, the Office Boy

OR, A PLUCKY WALL STREET PLUNGER

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Jimmy, the Office Boy.

"Say, Jimmy, didn't you tell me you'd put up every cent you were worth on Great Northern?" said Dan Maguire, grabbing Jimmy Black, Broker Norton's office boy, by the arm one afternoon as he was heading for the Stock Exchange.

"Sure I told you so," replied Jimmy. "What about it?"

"Then you'd better run and sell out right away."

"Is that so?" said Jimmy placidly.

"Yes, it's so. I've just come from the Exchange. Great Northern has gone to smash and the price is dropping every minute."

"Let it drop. I don't care."

"Have you sold out?"

"Do you think I'm asleep? Say, sonny, speculating is a risky game, and I've been at it long enough to get from under before the roof falls on me. I sold out two hours ago and cleaned up—well, a good profit."

"You're lucky."

Jimmy grinned, said he was in a hurry, and broke away. Half a minute later he dashed in at the messengers' entrance of the Exchange. A crowd of boys was there waiting to deliver notes to brokers. On the floor a wild pandemonium appeared to be going on. A big crowd was gathered around the Great Northern standard, pushing and struggling as if engaged in a football match.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said another friend of his, a red-headed boy named Clancy.

"Hello, Mike! What do you know?"

"I know I'll catch it if I don't get this note to the boss mighty soon."

"Can't you find him?"

"No; I guess he's lost in the shuffle around Great Northern."

"Seems to be a slump on in the stock."

"I should say so. Look at the blackboard."

Just then Clancy saw his employer and hastened to deliver his note. Jimmy soon handed his over to Mr. Norton and got out. He hurried back to the office and was sent down to the Mills Building with a note. He was told to rush, and he soon reached the office building. The elevator landed him on the fourth floor and he found the office he was after without a great deal of trouble.

"Is Mr. Dickson in?" he asked the office boy.

"No. He went out a few minutes ago."

"I've got an important note for him. Know where he's gone?"

"Kittridge & Long, up the street."

Jimmy left the building in a hurry, with the note still in his hand. He hustled up to the office of Kittridge & Long, which was on the third floor of a Broad street building.

"Is Mr. Dickson here?" he asked the boy, jerking his thumb toward the door of the private room.

Jimmy waited three or four minutes and then got impatient, and knocked on the private office door. He heard a voice inside and taking it for an invitation to walk in, he opened the door. Seated at his desk was Mr. Kittridge, and talking to him was a gentleman Jimmy had bumped against at the corner of Exchange Place in his hurry. Dickson was speaking.

"I tell you, Kittridge, he's got to be choked off or our syndicate will go to pieces," he said, in a tone that showed him to be thoroughly in earnest.

"Well, if you can suggest how that desirable fact is to be accomplished I'll be glad to hear it," responded Kittridge. "Jepson is the most dangerous man in Wall Street. The syndicate was foolish to make a play against him. Had I known that was the object of the combine, I never would have gone into it. That's what a man gets sometimes when he goes into a blind pool. I'd be glad to get half of my money back and step out if I could."

"Don't talk foolish.. We're not beaten yet."

"But you said that unless Jepson was choked off—"

"The syndicate would go to pieces. I said what is true, so you see it's a very important matter that he must be removed from Wall Street long enough for us to break the market. He has lieutenants, of course, but none of them are Jepsons. He holds the situation in his grasp. With Jepson out of the way for a week, or even for three days, I'll guarantee we'll win."

"It would certainly improve things for the syndicate. How can we get him out of the fight for a week, or for three days?"

"How do scores of people suddenly disappear from their customary haunts every year, and are seldom, if ever, heard from again?"

"Well, what way do you mean, then?"

"I can't go into the matter here. I want you to come to my house to-night. That is what brought me here. The other members of the syndicate will be there. We are going to hold an important business meeting. Within the past week, as you know, the situation has been grow-

ing critical. The price of Consolidated Traction has been advancing in spite of every effort on our part to beat it. Jepson has us driven into a corner. It is now a question of doing Jepson or he'll do us. So I'll expect to see you to-night without fail."

"All right. I'll be on hand, but it's going to be a nasty night to be out in. Look how thick the fog is outside," said Kittridge.

"What's the fog to us?" said Dickson, rising.

Jimmy had been held spellbound by the conversation that had reached his ears. Jimmy was a quick thinker. In a fraction of a moment he decided to make a quick change of base for his own salvation. He opened the almost closed door, darted out backward, and as he shut it he knocked loudly and reopening the door walked in with as innocent a face as he could assume under the circumstances. The two men stared at him.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Broker Kittridge.

"I've brought a note for Mr. Dickson," replied Jimmy.

"That's my name. Give it to me. How did you know I was here?" said Dickson, with a searching look at the office boy.

"I was down to your office and your boy told me you were here, so as the message is an important one, I came here on the chance of catching you."

Dickson tore the envelope open, read what was inside, and passed it to Kittridge.

"You see," he said, in no pleasant tones.

"Any answer?" asked Jimmy.

Dickson picked up a pad, dashed off three or four words, inclosed it in an envelope, sealed and addressed it and handed it to the boy.

"There," he said abruptly.

Jimmy took it and hurried out of the room and the building.

CHAPTER II.—Held Up.

On his way back to the office, Jimmy was not a little excited over what he had overheard in Kittridge's office. It was quite clear to him that Dickson and Kittridge were connected with the syndicate which had been fighting Thomas Jepson, the great mogul of Consolidated Traction, for a month past. Consolidated Traction was a New Jersey street railway corporation which controlled all the trolley lines of any importance centering in Jersey City. After hearing what Dickson had said to Kittridge, he began to feel that he suddenly had an interest in the fight. And this interest was to prevent Mr. Jepson from becoming the victim of foul play, evidently meditated by some of the members of the practically beaten syndicate.

"I must warn him," muttered the boy, as he rushed into the office building where he was employed.

Jimmy delivered his note to the cashier and was sent over to the Exchange. The slump was still on in Great Northern. Jimmy delivered his note to Mr. Norton and then asked an attendant if Mr. Jepson was on the floor. He was told that he had not been there except a short time in the morning. As the boy knew where Jepson's office was, for he had been there two or three

times with notes, he hurried there as fast as he could go.

"I want to see Mr. Jepson," he said, when he entered the reception room.

"He has gone away for the day," replied a clerk.

"Will he be back later?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you know where I would be likely to find him?"

"I do not. He might have gone to Jersey City, or he might have gone home."

"Where does he live?"

"At Larchmont."

So Jimmy went away disappointed.

"Well, I can see him in the morning, I guess," he thought. "Those chaps won't do anything to him for a day or two."

With this reflection he went back to his office. By this time the fog in lower New York was thick enough to cut, and vehicles had to feel their way slowly along the streets, while pedestrians were constantly running foul of one another. It gave the messenger boys a lot of trouble, for the slump at the Exchange led to the transportation of many rush messages. Three o'clock came around and the Exchange closed. A few minutes before three Jimmy started for the bank with the day's deposits. He carried the money, checks and bank book in a small hand bag attached to his body by a long strap, which went over his head and rested on his left shoulder. The bag was locked and the key was in his pocket. The chances of being held up by a crook were small. Such a thing had never happened to him.

Usually he made good time to the bank, but in the fog that was out of the question, so he allowed himself a few minutes' leeway, since the bank did not alter its closing time because of the mist. It wanted a minute of three by Trinity clock, which was lost in the atmosphere, when Jimmy reached the door of the bank. But he didn't get inside, in spite of the fact that he had sixty seconds in his favor. Somebody grabbed him around the neck with a strangle hold and an effort was made to get the strap over his head. This failed, because Jimmy was always wide awake, and he put up a strenuous struggle against his assailant. Then a second man appeared.

"Into the cab with him before somebody interferes," said the other man.

The office boy was forced into the vehicle, while one of the men held his hand over his mouth to prevent an outcry on his party. One of the men jumped on the box with the driver, after slamming the door, and then the cab rolled slowly away up Broadway as far as Dey, and down that street. Jimmy continued his fight in the cab, but the rascal grabbed him by the throat and squeezed it so hard that the boy gasped for breath.

"Now be quiet or I'll make a corpse of you. All we want is the bag. Give it up and you can go, otherwise I'll choke you and take it from you," said the man.

Jimmy felt that he had no show at all, so he kept quiet. By the time the cab reached and turned up Greenwich street the man had the bag in his possession.

"Now you can get out and skip," said the fel-

low, opening the door and giving the boy a push.

Jimmy jumped and as the cab vanished in the fog he started after it, as it was not going fast. He overtook it in half a minute. Bending down and grabbing the springs, he ran along with it. It stopped frequently as other vehicles loomed up in its way, but kept straight on up the street. Finally it came to a stop at a corner. The rascal dismounted from his perch, opened the door and looked in.

"Where's the boy?" Jimmy heard him say.

"I got the bag and put him out a long way back," replied the other.

"All right, as long as you've got the bag. We didn't want the boy. Come in the saloon and have a drink."

"That's something I never refuse," said the man, getting out with the bag.

"Oh, leave the bag. It will be safe in the cab. We'll only be away a minute or two."

So the man, after hesitating a minute, tossed the bag back on the seat, and the pair entered the saloon.

"They won't find the bag when they come back," said Jimmy, walking around the wheel and gliding up to the door.

Opening it softly, he felt for the bag and yanked it out, then leaving the door slightly ajar, he hurried down to the nearest elevated station, took a train and returned to Wall street.

CHAPTER III.—Jimmy Goes to An Entertainment.

It was close to four when he walked into the office.

"Where have you been so long, young man?" asked the cashier.

"Chasing my bag," answered Jimmy.

"What do you mean by that?"

Then Jimmy explained.

"You were held up, robbed of the bag, followed the cab and tricked the rascals, eh?" said the cashier.

"Yes, sir."

"Hand me the bag and key and then go in and tell Mr. Norton. He's in his room."

Jimmy went in and told his story to his employer.

"You deserve a medal, Jimmy," said Mr. Norton. "Here's \$10 to blow yourself with."

"Thank you, sir. Small favors are always appreciated," and Jimmy walked out.

As he was not wanted any longer that afternoon, he started for his home. He had a room in a cheap lodging house on the East Side, off Third avenue, uptown. It wasn't because he couldn't afford better lodgings that the office boy lived there, but because the little Englishwoman who kept the place had been a sort of mother to him for many years. He went to live with her when his mother's death cast him on the world, and just before he found employment in Wall Street. A dollar looked as big as a cartwheel to Jimmy in those days, but it had shrunk to its natural size now. He took his meals at a restaurant, except Sunday dinner, when he had the honor of eating with his landlady, Mrs. Poynter, and her niece Harriet.

Miss Harriet worked at a cheap millinery store

on Third avenue, and was rather a vivacious young lady. Her aunt called her 'Arriet, and was always enumerating her clever qualities to her lodgers and friends generally. Mrs. Poynter was stout, good natured and something of an easy mark.

The fog wasn't as thick uptown as it was down in Wall street, but it was thick enough to be uncomfortable. Jimmy went into the restaurant that he usually patronized and had his supper. While eating he thought over again the conversation he had overheard in Broker Kittridge's office.

"The syndicate is going to have a meeting to-night at Mr. Dickson's house to plan the temporary disappearance of Mr. Jepson," he said to himself. "I'd give something to learn what scheme they expect to put into effect. I could put Mr. Jepson wise to it when I call upon him to-morrow. Well, there isn't much chance of my finding it out. It was by mere accident that I found out as much as I have. It's a wonder Mr. Kittridge didn't discover my presence in the room. I'm mighty glad he didn't, for there would have been the dickens to pay."

Jimmy went home. As soon as he opened the street door and entered, a voice from the depths, which he recognized as Mrs. Poynter's, reached his ears.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" were the words.

"Yes," replied the office boy. "Want to see me, Mrs. Poynter?"

"If you'll come to the head of the stairs, it'll do."

So Jimmy went to the head of the stairs and looked down.

"I'm here, Mrs. Poynter."

"'Arriet wants to know if you're hengaged this hevening?"

"No; I've got nothing on hand."

"She's got tickets for a hentertainment at Terrace Garden, and she'd take it as a favor if you'd hescort her there."

"All right, ma'am. I'm always ready to oblige Miss Harriet when it doesn't interfere with business; but it isn't a pleasant night to be out in."

"It puts me in mind of London. They 'ave awful fogs there in November and at other times. You can 'ardly see your nose before your face. I'll tell 'Arriet, then, that you'll go with her?"

"Yes. When does she want to start?"

"She's heating her supper now, which is early for her, seeing as she don't usually get 'ome before 'arf-past six. She came 'ome early to-night so she could get 'er 'air fixed hup and primp 'erself hup a bit. I should think she'll be ready to go by 'arf-past seven."

"All right," replied Jimmy, who then went to his room.

At twenty minutes of eight, he and Harriet left the house together. Terrace Garden was not far away from their house, and they reached it in time to get a good seat. The programme announced that the Orpheus Dramatic Club would produce the two-act comedy of "All that glitters is not gold." Jimmy didn't care much for amateur shows, but he had to admit that the play was very well performed, and he liked it very much indeed. After the performance the floor was cleared for dancing. Miss Harriet had taught Jimmy how to waltz and he had picked up the figures of the lanciers which was the prin-

cipal square dance at entertainments of this kind. The young lady had brought her dancing shoes with her, and she retired to the ladies' dressing room to put them on. Jimmy remained near the door waiting for her to come out. A couple of well-dressed but tough-looking fellows stopped within earshot of him.

"I expect Lefty Morris to meet me here around intermission," said one of them. "He had an appointment to-night with a gent who wants a job put through. If the price is right, he'll put it through, and Lefty has picked me to help him. He says he'll need one or two more, so if he hasn't engaged them yet, I'll put in a good word for you."

"I'm open for any proposition that brings in the rhino," said the other. "Who is the gent?"

"He's a Wall Street man. Belongs to some kind of a syndicate that is anxious to put the Indian sign on some other Wall Street party. He'll learn the particulars to-night and get a good-sized slice of the dough."

Jimmy, listening with all ears, came to the conclusion that the gent the fellow referred to was Dickson, and therefore the job involved the temporary absence of Mr. Jepson from Wall Street. The two tough young men walked off, but Jimmy felt that he would know either if he saw him again.

When intermission came, Jimmy took the young lady to the restaurant adjoining the hall. It was one o'clock and there were still enough dances on the programme to last till four. They had a light repast and then Jimmy took Harriet back to the hall, excused himself and strolled into the bar as the most likely place where he would find the tough individual who expected to meet Lefty Morris at the hall during intermission. He approached a pile of beer kegs and heard voices behind them.

"Here's \$100 for you, Leach, and the balance I'll pay you when the job is done," said a voice.

"All right, Lefty. That's satisfactory. We're to pull it off to-morrow?"

"Correct. It's Saturday, and the gent will be home, or at his clubhouse, or somewhere within reach. I have a smart chap who will deliver the message that will entice him aboard the yacht. The moment we get him in the cabin we'll make him our prisoner, and the rest will be plain sailing."

"It ought to be an easy job the way you put it," said Leach.

"It will be. You and your pal must be at the saloon at the foot of Dover street at one o'clock. The yacht will be off the dock. We are supposed to borrow her without the owner's permission, but that's all fixed between me and the gent who hired me to put the game through. The crew will be ashore, leaving a boy on board to watch her. We'll take care of the boy, and the three fellows I'll bring aboard with us will attend to the sailing of the yacht."

"You can depend on us, Lefty. We'll be on hand at the saloon at one," said Leach.

"I'll give him \$100 then."

"Perhaps you could advance \$10 of it now. I'm to meet him at the Full Moon as soon as I leave here."

"Here's the tener."

Jimmy, in his anxiety to catch everything the men said, leaned a bit too hard against the pile

of kegs which were not any too securely heaped up. As a result they gave way and fell inward all around the two men, with a crash that awoke the echoes of the room.

CHAPTER IV.—Jimmy Up Against It.

Jimmy jumped in time to avoid one of the kegs which rolled toward him. Leach and Lefty Morris uttered exclamations of consternation. The kegs fell all around them, but, as their luck had it, they were not injured. One of the barkeepers came running over, followed by the attention of every one in the place.

"What are you chaps doing behind those kegs?" asked the barkeeper suspiciously.

"What difference does that make?" asked Morris. "Why did you pile your kegs so they'd fall over without anybody touching them?"

"You must have pushed against them, or they wouldn't have gone over."

"We didn't touch them," said Leach. "I might have got a broken leg."

"It would have served you right. You chaps had no business to be behind them."

Harriet and Jimmy remained an hour longer, and then Harriet reluctantly consented to tear herself away from the rest of the dancers. The fog was as thick as ever when they got outside.

"That's him!" said a voice.

Jimmy turned around and looked, for it seemed as if he was referred to. He saw several indistinct figures standing around the entrance. Giving them no further attention, he started off with Harriet. Three of the figures detached themselves from the bunch and followed the two. Nothing happened till Jimmy and Harriet reached home. They started to enter by the area gate, for the girl carried the key of the basement door. The three fellows, who had been following them so softly that they had not heard their footsteps, closed in on them as they passed through the gate.

"Go on, miss; I've something to say to your friend. Say, young fellow, come outside the gate. I want to talk to you," said the spokesman.

"Look here, what have you to say to me, anyhow? I don't know you," said Jimmy.

"You were at the ball, weren't you, with your girl?"

"I was at the ball. What about it?"

"Then you're the right chap. You were in the barroom when a pile of beer kegs fell over. You were seen to push 'em over to attract attention to the spot and give a pal of yours the chance to pinch the wallet of a man standing at the bar."

"What's that?" cried the astonished Jimmy.

"We're ward detectives, we are. We've got your pal and now we want you. You'll have to go to the station house with us," and the speaker laid his hands on the boy's arm.

"I guess you're mistaken, mister man. I'm not a crook."

"You'll have to prove that, young fellow. You two fellows worked that game mighty slick, so it's evident you're not new hands at the business. I'll bet your face is in the Gallery. I don't recog-

nize your mug in the fog, but when we get you to the station house I'll have a good look at you. So come along. If you resist we'll put the irons on you. Sorry, young lady, we had to do this before you, but I told you to go in."

By this time Jimmy was persuaded that he really was the victim of a mistake. He knew he might have been seen leaning against the beer kegs and he couldn't deny that he was the cause of their going over. He was satisfied that he could prove his innocence of participation in the alleged crime, so he said he would go to the station house.

"Now you're acting sensible, young fellow, for it wouldn't do you any good to resist us detectives."

"You must have considered me a desperate character."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because three of you came after me."

"We were afraid you might try to give us the slip in the fog."

Jimmy told Harriet to go in and wait for him, for he was sure the captain wouldn't hold him after he had explained matters. She unlocked the door and entered the house as Jimmy was led away. Jimmy had the idea that the nearest station house was on East 51st street, which was the fact. Mrs. Poynter's lodging house was above 51st street and east of Third avenue. As the station house was west of Third avenue, a block or two below, Jimmy anticipated the route they would take. He was surprised when they turned eastward along the street.

"I thought you were going to the nearest station house?" he said.

"So we are."

"I didn't know there was one nearer than 51st street off Third avenue."

"Oh, you didn't? Then you'll learn something new."

Nothing more was said as they walked on through the fog to Second avenue, which they crossed, and so on toward First avenue and the river. As Jimmy had never heard of a station house in the direction they were going, his suspicions concerning his conductors were renewed. He was about to demand where they really were taking him to when the party suddenly hustled him into a long alley.

"Hold on, this isn't the way to a police station," he said, holding back.

"What do you know about it?" said the spokesman roughly.

"You chaps are not detectives. You've fooled me for some reason."

During his protests he was roughly dragged forward by the three. He put up the best struggle he could, but it amounted to nothing against the odds he was up against, and he was finally rushed into a stable. There, apparently awaiting him, were two men. He was released and his conductors went outside and closed the door. As the light of the lantern which illuminated the place fell on the faces of the men he was face to face with, he recognized them as Lefty Morris and Leach. What was on the tapis? Had these fellows discovered that he had been listening to a part of their conversation in the barroom? It looked very much like it.

CHAPTER V.—What Jimmy Went Through.

"Well, young fellow, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked Morris.

"What is the meaning of my being brought here?"

"Don't you know?"

"If I did, I wouldn't ask you."

"You've seen us before, haven't you?"

"I admit that I have."

"It wouldn't do you any good to deny it, for we're on to you. What's your name, and why were you standing on the other side of those beer kegs to-night, listening to talk that didn't concern you?"

"My name is Jimmy Black, if you want to know."

"Well, go on."

"What makes you say I was listening to your conversation?"

"Because you were seen doing it. It was you who upset the kegs."

"How do you know I upset them? If I was listening to your talk, would I do such a thing as that?"

"You didn't intend to do it, but you did it, just the same. Now, look here, how much of our talk did you hear?"

"I didn't hear much."

"You heard enough to get a line on what we had in hand, didn't you?"

"How should I? I heard you say something about a yacht, and you told the party you were talking to to meet you at some saloon at one o'clock to-morrow."

"What else?"

"You said something about boarding the yacht and running away with her."

"Go on."

"That's about all."

"It is, eh? Well, I don't believe you. You heard a whole lot more than that, for you were listening more than ten minutes. Now, look here, what was your object? How did you know we were behind those kegs?"

Before Jimmy could decide what answer to make to those questions, the spokesman of the party opened the door and beckoned Morris over. He said something to Lefty and then retired again.

"I'm waiting to hear what you have to say," said Morris to Jimmy.

"I've nothing more to say," replied the office boy.

"Oh, you haven't? You work in Wall Street, don't you?"

"Yes."

"For a broker named Norton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm thinking you won't work for him any longer. You've found out that a job is going to be pulled off to-morrow on a certain Wall Street gent, I have an idea that you know enough to queer that job and get everybody concerned in trouble. As you are keeping a close mouth about what you've learned, you are dangerous to our interests and so I'll see that you keep it closed for good."

He stepped back against the wall and put out his hand. There was a click and the small section of floor Jimmy was standing on opened un-

der his feet. The man had sprung the bolt holding a trapdoor in place and the boy went down like a shot. He landed in a rush of foul-smelling water and was borne away under the foundation of the stable and adjoining houses and shot into the main sewer. The tide of the sewer carried him swiftly along on its surface for the short distance it went in that direction, and then Jimmy was cast out into the East River. A police patrol boat was coming along at the moment, the officer standing in the bows, flashing his searchlight over the water. He saw the boy's white face as it came to the surface close alongside, and he uttered an exclamation. Reaching down, he grabbed the insensible Jimmy by the collar of his jacket and hauled him into the boat.

"By George! Here's a stiff—a boy, well dressed, too. Phew! he must have tumbled in around the mouth of the sewer," said the officer in command of the boat.

"Sure he's passed in his checks?" asked another officer.

The sergeant felt of Jimmy's heart and found it still beating.

"No, he isn't dead. His heart is beating. Pull in to the wharf."

The Wall Street office boy was presently being treated to those vigorous first aids to the half-drowned that will resuscitate any one not at his last gasp, and sometimes those who are. Jimmy was brought around, some whisky poured down his throat and he sat up. He told a portion of his story—how he had been enticed down the street from the house where he lived, taken into the stable and finally dropped through a trapdoor into some horrible watery channel where he had speedily lost his senses. It was evident to the members of the harbor police about him that he had been sent to meet death in the short stretch of sewer between the stable and the river, and had escaped by some kind of a miracle. The regular policeman on that beat was hunted up and a telephone message was sent to his station house for a number of officers. When they arrived Jimmy, who had been carried on board a lumber schooner lying at the wharf, undressed, wrapped in a blanket and placed in a spare bunk, told his story again, with a few additional particulars to partially account for the action of the crooks who had committed the outrage, described the men and the place where the stable was. One officer was sent to his house to tell Harriet, who Jimmy believed was waiting up to let him in, and to get clean, dry clothes for him to put on in the morning. After having been directed to report at the station house in the morning Jimmy was left to go to sleep. Morning was well along when he awoke, feeling pretty good after his tough adventure of the night. Finally he got up and was satisfied that he was all right again. He was surprised to see the change of clothing, which he recognized as his own. Then he remembered that a policeman had been sent to his house. He dressed himself and then examined his best suit. It bore a strong odor that put him in mind of the smell which had greeted his nostrils after he had been dumped through the trap.

He remembered what he had heard the officers say about a sewer, so he judged that he must have been dumped into one, and he wondered how

he had ever escaped alive from it. He found his watch and money and other things untouched in his clothes, and transferred them to the suit he now wore. He rolled his clothes up in his shirt, making a bundle of them and then stepped out on deck. He was greeted by one of the schooner's crew, who pointed out the mate. That individual was superintending the discharging of a load of shingles from the hold. Thanking the mate for the favor of a night's care aboard the schooner, Jimmy started for home. It was nearly ten o'clock when he entered the house. After breakfast he reported at the station house and was interviewed by the captain. Jimmy admitted that he had been caught listening to the talk of the two rascals and was responsible for the overturning of the beer barrels in the barroom. He said that he had discovered there was a plot to abduct a certain Wall Street man of some prominence for stock operation reasons, but declined to say who the man was, or how he learned about the plot. The captain didn't like Jimmy's reticence on so important a matter, and insisted that he should tell everything.

"If you won't tell, I might lock you up," he said.

"You'll make a mistake if you do, for I won't tell you anything more if I stay in a cell for a month," said the boy firmly. "You will prevent me from warning the gentleman, and he might fall into the trap."

The captain went outside and called a detective. He gave him certain orders. Then he told Jimmy he could go, but ordered him to come back that evening. When the boy left the station house he was followed by the detective, who shadowed him to Mr. Norton's office in Wall Street.

CHAPTER VI.—Jimmy Interviews Mr. Jepson.

"Well, well, so there you are, Jimmy!" said the cashier, who, in common with half the other denizens of Wall Street, had read the story of the office boy's passage through and escape from the uptown sewer the preceding night. "Upon my word, you were up against it for fair! Better go in and report your arrival to Mr. Norton. He is in his room."

So Jimmy went in to see his employer. To that gentleman the boy made a full statement of everything. He told of the plot against Mr. Jepson, engineered by Dickson, and presumed concurred in by the other members of the syndicate since Lefty Morris had received advance payment on account of the job, which was to be put through that afternoon. Mr. Norton was amazed and inclined to doubt that a gentleman of Dickson's standing would propose such a rascally piece of business.

"Well, Jimmy, this is a most astonishing story you have told me," said Norton. "I am not prepared to say that I believe the adventure you had last night had any connection with it, but independent of it I think it is right that you should call on Mr. Jepson and tell him what you have learned."

"That is what I propose to do," replied the boy.

"You have told the police about the yacht an-

chored off Dover street, and such points connected with her as you overheard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the game ought to be checkmated right there."

"That's what I say."

"Unless the rascals, who probably have learned of your escape through the papers, make a change in their plans."

"I never thought of that."

"I'm afraid it is the most likely thing they will do. Men who regard the police as their natural enemies are always wide awake to emergencies. They watch the papers for information. These chaps either know or suspect that you have some knowledge of their game, and when they read that you have turned up alive, they will at once take measures to block any move on your part. The scheme, if such a scheme is actually on the cards, will either be postponed or the main details altered so that whatever they think you know will become valueless. There is one thing they can't do, that I can see, and that is prevent you from calling on Mr. Jepson and warning him of the situation. That you had better do without loss of time."

"Get your wages, for it's noon now, and hunt up Mr. Jepson. It is hardly likely he is at his office. He was not at the Exchange this morning, and there was nothing done in Consolidated Traction. He lives at Larchmont. Take a train and go there. Probably anybody in the place can direct you to his house. After this thing is over I would advise you to keep a wary eye out for those rascals lest they try to avenge their failure upon you. It is the ethics of crooks to get square," said the broker.

So Jimmy got his money and left the office. The detective was waiting for him outside and shadowed him to Jepson's office, where Jimmy ascertained that the operator had not been in Wall Street that morning.

"It's Larchmont for me," said Jimmy, walking out of the office.

Jimmy went down to Hanover Square and took a Third Avenue train uptown. The detective got in the same car. Jimmy got out at 42d street, crossed the tracks by way of the overhead bridge, and took a shuttle train up 42d street to the Grand Central Depot. He went to the N. Y., N. H. & H. window and bought a ticket for Larchmont Manor. He was in time to catch a Portchester local. It took about forty minutes to reach Larchmont, and the detective was there at the same time. Never having been in the place before, he felt strange there. He went into a drugstore and asked the clerk if he could tell him where Mr. Thomas Jepson lived. The clerk took up the telephone directory and pointed out the name and address.

"I'm a stranger here, and I don't know where that street is," said Jimmy.

The detective was standing close at his elbow, and said:

"Where do you want to go?"

Jimmy pointed out the address on the page.

"Jepson, eh?" said the sleuth, who knew now that the boy's object was to call on the big operator and warn him. "I'll go along with you," he added.

"Who are you?" demanded the surprised boy.

"Detective O'Dwyer, from the ——— Police Station."

"You must have come on the same train I did."

"Yes. Have you any objection to my company?"

"No. Mr. Jepson might find you useful after he hears my story."

"That's the way I figured. You wouldn't tell the captain the name of the man the plot was aimed against, so he put me on the job to find out."

Jimmy asked the detective if the captain had taken any measures looking to the blocking of the game at the foot of Dover street, and was told he did not know, but presumed that the captain had attended to the matter. Mr. Jepson was not at home, to Jimmy's disappointment, but he was told that he might be found at his clubhouse. Learning where that was, Jimmy and the detective proceeded there. The Wall Street office boy spotted the operator on the veranda talking to a gentleman.

"You remain within call, Mr. O'Dwyer," he said, as he started forward.

Stepping on the veranda, he went up to the operator.

"Mr. Jepson?" said Jimmy.

"That's my name. What can I do for you?" said the big mogul.

"My name is Jimmy Black. I work for Nicholas Norton, stock broker. I have come to Larchmont with information for you of the most important kind. I must see you alone," said the office boy.

Mr. Jepson looked somewhat surprised. He knew of no important communication that could come to him through Broker Norton; however, he excused himself to his friend and took Jimmy with him into a private room.

"Now I'll listen to you, young man," he said.

For the first time the boy began to entertain some doubts as to whether Mr. Jepson would place any dependence on his story. On its face, the facts seemed rather incredulous. It hardly appeared likely that a gentleman of Dickson's standing, as well as a prominent broker like Kittridge, would engage in such a scheme as he was about to accuse them of. However, Jimmy could only tell what he knew was the truth. If Mr. Jepson discredited his story, he couldn't help it.

"I'm going to astonish you, sir," he began.

"Yes?" said Jepson, looking hard at the boy.

"There is a plot on the tapis to carry you off from this place, possibly this evening, or maybe not until to-morrow."

The operator, who was not expecting such a communication, stared harder at the boy. Perhaps he wondered if Jimmy was a mild kind of lunatic at large.

"Is that what you say you came from New York to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. I can see that you don't take much stock in my statement, but it is true. I told the story to my employer, Mr. Norton, and he advised me to call on you without delay," said Jimmy earnestly.

It was fortunate that the office boy referred to his employer, for Mr. Jepson was about to terminate the interview abruptly.

"Then Mr. Norton told you to come here and tell me the story you told him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait here till I return," said the operator.

He went into the club office, consulted the telephone directory of Manhattan and the Bronx and found Mr. Norton's home telephone number. He called up Central in Larchmont, and asked to be connected, over the long-distance wire, with the number he gave. It took some minutes to do so, though not as long on Saturday afternoon as on other week days. He got Mr. Norton's house and the broker, who fortunately happened to be at home, answered him.

"I am Thomas Jepson. Did you send your office boy to me with an important message? A boy calling himself Jimmy Black is here now, and he appears to have a curious kind of story to tell, which he says he has already told to you and that you told him to come here and tell it to me," said the operator.

"That is right, Mr. Jepson. The boy's story, I'll admit, is almost inconceivable, and you must judge of its merits yourself; but I will say this for Jimmy: he has been in my employ for three years and I have every confidence in him. I consider him one of the best office boys in Wall Street. I would take his word as soon as any other person I know. While his story struck me as incredible, I am satisfied that he really heard what he has to tell you. Furthermore, the morning paper contains a story, in which he was the chief actor, that he claims has a direct bearing on the case. The boy honestly believes he is doing you a great service, Mr. Jepson, and I think it will be to your interest to give him a fair hearing."

"Thank you, Mr. Norton, I will do so. Now that I have your assurance that the boy is really what he claims to be, I am satisfied. That is all," and Jepson rang off.

The big mogul returned to the room where Jimmy was impatiently awaiting his return.

"Now, my boy," he said, in an entirely different manner, "I will listen to what you have to say."

So Jimmy told his story and Jepson listened without interrupting him. After the story was finished Mr. Jepson was satisfied that the facts were just as the boy had stated them. He thanked Jimmy for the trouble he had taken in his behalf, and assured him he would make it all right with him. As they walked out of the room an attache of the clubhouse stepped up and handed the operator a note. Jepson tore it open and read the contents. He smiled grimly.

"This seems to prove your story, my boy," he said.

"How so, sir?"

"It is an invitation, presumed from a friend of mine, to visit the yacht Reindeer, which has just arrived from New York."

CHAPTER VII.—Jimmy Catches on to a Tip.

"Then the rascals must have altered their plans when they read in the papers that I was saved from drowning by the harbor police, as Mr. Norton told me he thought it likely they would, otherwise the police, with the information I gave them, ought to have blocked the game at the

foot of Dover street. Still it is possible that this invitation might not come from the conspirators. It might be a genuine one."

"I shall take no chances," said the operator. "I am going to telephone to the police."

"I have a New York detective outside. I think you had better see him."

"I will. Go and bring him here."

As Jimmy started, Mr. Jepson asked the attendant if the messenger from the yacht was waiting for an answer.

"He is, sir," replied the attendant.

"Tell him I am engaged in the consideration of important business and he'll have to wait."

Jimmy brought the detective to the private room to which Jepson had returned. A consultation between the three followed. The operator said he believed the invitation was a part of the game that the boy had warned him about, for the handwriting of the invitation he had just received, as well as the signature, was suspiciously unlike his friend's.

"Well, I think we had better send for a couple of the local police, and I will go aboard the yacht with them and investigate her," said the detective.

"The messenger who brought the invitation is waiting for my answer," said Mr. Jepson.

"Let me see; it is now nearly half-past five," said the sleuth. "Tell the man that he can come back for you in an hour."

That reply was handed to the man, who went away. The detective watched him go to his boat, manned by two other men, and saw them pull out to a yacht beyond the line of anchored yachts belonging to members of the yacht club. While he was doing this, Mr. Jepson telephoned for two policemen. When they arrived another consultation was held. It was decided that the operator should borrow a naphtha launch to take the officers out to the newly arrived yacht. This was easily done, and the officers started on the trip. O'Dwyer knew Lefty Morris and most of his pals. He was sure that if there was anything crooked about the boat he would find it out on boarding her. When the launch passed the outer fringe of anchored yachts and headed for the newcomer a sudden commotion was observed on board of her. Her sails, which had been lowered but not furled, were hastily hoisted, her anchor was started, and as soon as it was partly up she made sail to the east, leaving the launch far astern.

Evidently the people aboard had no wish to see the officers, and that fact clearly stamped their character. Lefty Morris was probably in command, and when he saw the launch making for the yacht, with two uniformed policemen on board, and a third man he surmised was a detective, his suspicions were aroused and he concluded it was not safe to remain at anchor any longer. The detective and the two officers put back, landed, and reported the yacht's flight to Mr. Jepson.

"Did you notice if her name was the Reindeer?" asked the operator.

"I couldn't see her name, if it was on her stern, for a piece of canvas hung down over her after-rail. It looked to me as if it was put there to hide her name," said O'Dwyer.

"Very likely it was."

Jepson consented to a full report of the case.

He said he would suppress only the names of the two members of the syndicate who were particularly identified with the plot. As to the other members of the syndicate, their concurrence in the scheme could only be surmised. Jimmy and Detective O'Dwyer returned to New York by a late afternoon train. The former went straight home, while the latter went to the station house to turn in his report to the captain.

Jimmy got off work that day at a quarter to four, and he hurried around to the little bank in Nassau street, where he had put his Great Northern deal through, to collect what was coming to him. He had doubled the \$1,500 he put up on margin on 150 shares of Great Northern, consequently he received \$3,000, which he carried to his safe-deposit box in a vault not far from his office. Mr. Norton didn't dream that his office boy was speculating on the quiet, and had made so much money out of a small start in the past year or so. If he had learned the fact he would have lectured Jimmy on the impropriety and risk of such a course. Next day Mr. Norton received a phone message from Mr. Jepson asking him to send his office boy over to his office.

Norton told Jimmy that Jepson wanted to see him, so the boy went right over. The operator was engaged when he arrived and he was told to take a seat. He picked up a morning paper and turning to the sporting page, began to read about the progress the "Giants" were making at their spring training grounds. While he was thus engaged two gentlemen came in and asked for Jepson. They were told he was engaged, so they walked over by one of the windows close to Jimmy and began talking together in a low tone. The office boy's sharp ears heard one of them say:

"If we can get Jepson to go in with us, we'll surely make a barrel of money."

"I agree with you. If he won't we'll call on Somers."

"Of course. He has money to burn, too. If we get either one of them, that will complete the syndicate and we'll commence buying at once."

"Who have you decided to engage to do the buying?"

"Hawks. By the way, Norton has a big bunch of the stock, I've heard. We must get it at the start."

"How many shares has he got?"

"I understand he has 5,000."

"He must be carrying them for some reason, as they represent a lot of money tied up—about \$350,000."

"I guess they belong to some customer who wants more than he can ordinarily get for them, or who won't sell less than the whole block."

"We can afford to give a point higher than the market for them."

"We'll get them, all right."

At that moment the door of the private room opened and the caller came out. Jimmy went in and had a short interview with the operator, who presented him with his check for \$1,000 as an evidence of his appreciation of the boy's services. Jimmy thanked him and made way for the two gentlemen outside. On his way back to the office, Jimmy turned over in his mind what he heard the two men say in Jepson's office. It was clear there was a syndicate on the stocks,

all ready to be launched, to corner and boom some stock.

"I'd give something to know what the name of the stock is," he thought. "Maybe I can find out through the cashier by asking him what stock Mr. Norton has 5,000 shares of. No, I can hardly do that. It would be altogether too cheeky of me, and the cashier probably wouldn't tell me anyway. Let me see what other way I can get around it. Broker Hawks is sure to come around after it. Now, knowing what I do about the probability of that stock going up, I think it's my duty to tell Mr. Norton to hold on to it so that he or his customer, whoever owns the shares, may make the profit instead of the syndicate."

Jimmy decided that he would do that. As soon as he learned that Hawks had come in to buy it then he would know that the syndicate was under way and he would get in on the stock himself so as to participate in the profits, likewise. He was unable to talk to Mr. Norton that afternoon, but he guessed there was time enough, as he did not expect Hawks to call for a day or two. On the following morning he was out on an errand when his employer arrived, so he missed his chance, for Mr. Norton was very busy that morning between the Exchange and his office. That afternoon while Jimmy was sitting in the waiting room a gentleman, whom he recognized as Broker Hawks, came in.

"Is Mr. Norton in?" he asked, when Jimmy came forward.

"Yes, sir, but he's engaged."

"I'll wait, then."

"There are two ahead of you, sir."

"All right," said the visitor, going over to the ticker.

Two minutes later Jimmy showed one of the two who were waiting inside. He was succeeded by the other within five minutes, and in a short time the way was clear for Hawks. Jimmy, believing he was after the 5,000 shares of stock, went in to announce him.

"Send him in," said Mr. Norton.

"Can I tell you something first?" asked the office boy.

"What is it?"

"I think Mr. Hawks has come here to buy a certain stock of which you have a 5,000 block," began Jimmy.

"Did he tell you that?" asked the broker, looking surprised.

"No, sir, but if you'll tell me the name of the stock you have 5,000 shares of, I'll know if he's after it."

"That is rather an unusual remark for you to make, Jimmy," frowning.

"I know it, sir, but I have a reason for it."

"What reason?"

"Well, sir, when I was over at Mr. Jepson's office yesterday I heard two gentlemen who came in say they had called to try and induce Mr. Jepson to go into a syndicate that was being formed to corner the stock in question."

"You mean J. & Q.?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, delighted at having effected his purpose. "One of them said that if Mr. Jepson wouldn't go in, they would call on a man named Somers."

"I know him," said Norton. "Go on," in a tone of interest.

"During their conversation they said that Broker Hawks would do the buying."

"You heard that?"

"I did. One of them said he had heard that you had 5,000 shares of J. & Q. and he added that he guessed they would have no trouble buying it of you as they were willing to pay a point above the market."

"Indeed!"

"So when Mr. Hawks came in and asked for you I thought I would let you know what I suspected he was after, and why he wanted it, because I thought it would be to your advantage to know."

"You did right, Jimmy, and I'm very much obliged to you. Now show Mr. Hawks in."

Jimmy did so and returned to his seat.

"Now I know the name of the stock the syndicate is going to boom, and I guess I can afford to take long chances on it."

Later on the office boy plunged on J. & Q. to the extent of his entire capital—buying 400 shares on margin, at 70, the market price, at the little bank.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jimmy in Trouble Again.

On the following day the Exchange was the scene of great excitement when Jepson put the screws on the opposition syndicate. The combine gave up the fight and settled on the best terms the members could get from the boss of the situation. That same day Lefty Morris and his particular cronies, who had lost a bunch of money through Jimmy's efforts, held a meeting in a saloon to concoct measures that would enable them to get square with the Wall Street office boy.

What plan they decided on will develop later. Jimmy was now vitally interested in J. & Q. He had plunged recklessly on it on the strength of his tip. If matters didn't work the way he looked for, he stood a good chance of losing the whole of his \$4,000 capital. In a few days the price began to rise, and by the end of the week it was two points higher than when he bought it. He didn't know whether Mr. Norton had sold his block of J. & Q. to Hawks, but he had an idea that he didn't.

"He wouldn't be such a fool, after what I told him," thought the boy.

On Monday there was a reaction in J. & Q. It took a rapid drop of five points, going from 72 to 67 in an hour.

"The syndicate is trying to shake some stock out of the hands of persons who are holding on to it," said Jimmy to himself. "I hope the combine doesn't shake me out of my 400. It will have to fall seven points more to do that."

Next day J. & Q. fell to 63. Matters began to look serious to Jimmy. Things looked more serious on Wednesday, when the price receded to 61. Jimmy then received a call from the little bank for more margin. He couldn't put up any more, and he felt rather blue over the outcome.

"That's what a fellow gets for plunging," he muttered, "but how could I help going the whole hog when I felt I had a sure thing in that tip? I've a great mind to go around and see Mr. Jepson, explain the hole I'm in and ask him for the loan of enough to see me through."

He finally decided to do it when the tape showed J. & Q. at 60 7-8. On his return from an errand to the Mills Building he dropped in at Jepson's office, but the operator was not in, nor had he been down that day.

"That settles it," thought Jimmy. "I see my finish."

He was wrong, for when he got back to the office and looked at the tape, J. & Q. was up to 61 3-8. The stock closed that day at 62, which was a bit encouraging. When the Exchange closed on Saturday noon J. & Q. was back where Jimmy had bought it, namely, 70. Just at dark a cab drove up to Mrs. Poynter's house and a man rang the bell. Mrs. Poynter answered the door in person, as she always did when her niece was not around to save her that trouble.

"Is Jimmy Black in?" asked the man.

"E's not at 'ome," said the landlady.

"When do you expect him in?"

"I couldn't tell you. 'E's 'is own boss. 'E comes and goes to suit 'imself. This being Saturday night I wouldn't be surprised if 'e's gone to the theater, in which case 'e won't be 'ome till late."

"All right," said the man. "I'll call again some other time."

"'Oo shall I say called?"

"John Havens."

"John 'Avens. I'll tell 'im, sir, as soon as I see 'im."

The visitor ran down the short flight of steps, entered the cab, after giving some directions to the driver, and was driven away. Mrs. Poynter watched him off.

"I wonder 'oo 'e is?" the lady asked herself. "I never knew Jimmy to 'ave visitors 'oo came in cabs. 'Ackneys we call 'em hon the other side. Nobody hever took me hout hin a cab, not heven Mr. Poynter. 'E used to say hit was cheaper to walk. Ah, well, some people 'ave heasy times, while others 'ave to slave for a living. I wonder if 'Arriet will get a chap with money? Then when I called to see 'er, 'er 'usband might bring me 'ome in a cab."

Thus speaking, the good lady, who had lived a rocky life, shut the door and went back to the basement. Mrs. Poynter had made a shrewd guess when she said she thought Jimmy had gone to the theater, for that was just where he had taken himself. It was half-past eleven when he came home, and he saw a cab standing in front of the next house. Jimmy wondered what it was doing there at that hour. As it was none of his business, he didn't waste much thought over it. The area gate stood open and the boy stopped to shut it. A man rose almost in front of his nose and struck him on the head with something hard.

That's all Jimmy knew for several hours. When he came to himself he found himself tied up in some dark place. The odors that reached his nose were far from sweet. What specially attracted his notice was an aching head.

"Where in thunder am I?" he asked himself.

He looked around and made out some dim-looking objects here and there, but he could not tell what they were.

"I know one thing, and that is. I'm a prisoner. I suppose I'm in the hands of the Lefty Morris gang, which means that I'm in for it," he thought, and the reflection was far from cheerful.

The hard characters of New York were not apt to be moved by feelings of mercy for a victim they intended to do up. At that moment he heard steps coming down a stairs, and he caught sight of the rays of a lantern. The visitor appeared to be a bleary-eyed old man. He shuffled forward at a trembling gait, and passed close to Jimmy without appearing to notice him. The light of the lantern showed the boy that he was in a cellar filled with barrels and beer kegs, from which fact he concluded that there was a saloon above him. The old man carried a small pitcher besides the lantern. He went directly to a whisky barrel which had a spigot in the bung-hole and, putting down the light, held the pitcher under the spigot, which he turned.

"Hello!" said Jimmy.

The old man uttered a cry of consternation and dropped the can. He acted like a person who was caught in the act of doing something he knew was wrong.

"Say, old man, will you cut me loose?" said Jimmy, on a chance.

The trembling old sinner slowly turned around and looked in the direction of the voice.

"Fetch the lantern over here," said the boy.

"Who are you?" asked the old man, in quavering tones.

"Oh, I'm one of the boys, but I'm in trouble."

"Trouble!" muttered the ancient bundle of rags.

"I'm tied here to keep me quiet. I want you to free me."

The old man slowly rose to his feet, without turning off the spigot, from which the whisky continued to run to waste, which was the best thing it could do, for it was the kind of stuff that primed bad men up to the perpetration of violent deeds, picked up the lantern and, shuffling toward Jimmy, held the light up and surveyed him.

"You're a boy," he said.

"That's what I am, old chap. Got a knife about you?"

The old man shook his head.

"Well, I have. Feel in my pocket—the right-hand one. If you find any money there, you can keep it," said Jimmy.

"Money!" said the old fellow eagerly. "Will you give me some?"

"If I'm not cleaned out, I will."

The old man put down the lantern and felt in his right-hand pocket. He pulled out Jimmy's knife, opened it, and began severing the ropes that bound him. He didn't ask how the boy came to be there a prisoner. He appeared to have no curiosity on the subject. In a few minutes the office boy was free.

"Thanks, old chap!" he said.

He felt in his vest pocket for the three dollar bills he had put there, but they were gone. His loose change was also gone.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I haven't a cent about me. I'll fill your jug for you."

He did that, turned off the flow of whisky and handed the jug to the old man. The old chap did not thank him, but turning on his heels shuffled toward the stairs with his lantern lighting the way. Jimmy followed behind him.

Up the steps to a passage back of the barroom they went.

There were two doors and a rough flight of stairs in the place.

One door led into the barroom, the other into the yard.

The old man started up the stairs.

Jimmy tried the nearest door, which was the one into the yard, and found it locked and bolted.

To turn the key and shoot the bolts was the work of a moment with Jimmy.

As the old man and his lantern vanished above, the boy stepped out into the yard and the night.

It was only a small yard, littered with empty beer-kegs and weather-beaten boxes in all stages of demolition.

There was no door or gate to afford exit from this enclosure.

The only escape from it was to climb the fence.

This Jimmy did and paused on the top to take a survey of his surroundings.

It was between four and five on Sunday morning and there was nothing stirring in the neighborhood as far as he could make out.

He saw doors on the ground floors of the buildings nearest to him, but they were all shut, and presumably locked.

A double succession of these small back yards ran up and down the block from the spot where Jimmy was perched.

Not a sound came from any of them.

Not a light gleamed in any window of the tall tenement buildings attached to the yards.

"I might as well be in a blind alley as this," thought the office-boy. "I can't get out. The best thing I can do is to get as far away from this particular house as I can, for it's too risky for me to return inside and try to find an outlet there. I might run against some of the Morris gang, who I am certain are responsible for my present predicament."

So Jimmy crept slowly along the center fence, and in this way approached the buildings at the west end of the block.

He dropped into the last yard on the south side and tried the door.

To his surprise, it was not secured, and he entered the building.

Closing the door, he listened in the darkness.

All was silent.

He felt in his pocket for a match, a supply of which he always made it a point to carry with him.

Striking one, he saw he was in a narrow, dirty hallway.

It was so long that he judged that it led to the street.

He started forward, and as the match expired he saw a rear staircase.

He did not bother lighting another match, for he believed the way was clear.

With one hand on the wall he walked on. Suddenly he stumbled over some soft object on the floor and went down on it. He knew by the feel that it was a man—drunk, he supposed. Then his fingers encountered the handle of a knife, the blade of which was buried in the man's breast. Jimmy uttered an ejaculation.

"Goodness gracious!" he cried. "The man has been murdered!"

CHAPTER IX.—Jimmy Gets the Bounce.

It was enough to startle any one to stumble over a murdered man in the dark. After the first shock, Jimmy recovered his nerve, struck a match and looked at the victim. He was a sailor and quite dead. His pockets were turned inside out, which showed that robbery had been the object of the crime.

"This is a pretty tough locality. I'll bet I've had another narrow escape with my life. If that old man hadn't come down in the cellar where I was tied up, I'd be there yet. I must get away from here and notify the police about this man."

He found the street door unfastened, for the accommodation of the people who lived there, who presumably came in at all hours of the night. The street was silent and his footfalls echoed along the pave. He didn't recognize the neighborhood, for he had never been there before. Finally a street lamp sign showed him where he was. His abductors had carried him downtown to one of the worst spots in the city. After some reflection he decided not to notify the police about the murdered man, for it might involve him in trouble, and he thought he had enough of that.

The man's body was certain to be found when the tenants of the building began stirring about, and then the police would hear about the crime, which was not an uncommon episode in that locality. Jimmy didn't even meet with a policeman, and at length reached the elevated road. He was surprised to find how near morning it was, which showed him that he had been unconscious several hours. Having no money to pay his fare, he was forced to foot it home. Fifteen minutes later he was in bed, and he slept late. When he joined Mrs. Poynter and her niece at dinner that day he learned about the man who had called in a cab to see him and gave his name as Havens.

"Don't know him," said Jimmy.

"But he knew you," said the landlady.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told 'im that I didn't expect you 'ome till late, for I 'ad an idea you went to the theater after you 'ad your supper."

"That's where I did go, Mrs. Poynter."

"Well, he said 'e'd call again some other time."

Jimmy said nothing about his night's experience, and after dinner went to his room to read. He didn't intend to report the matter to the police, for though he was satisfied Lefty Morris was at the bottom of it he could not prove it, and it would be useless to have them rounded up by the authorities. What he was afraid of was that the bad crowd would make another effort to do him up. The next time they might kill him outright to make a sure job. On the following day he went about his business as usual. Once in a while he took a look at the ticker and found that P. & Q. was slowly advancing. The net result of the day's operations on the stock was one point upward. By Wednesday noon it was up to 75.

At the close of the week it reached 78. He didn't remain out long that Saturday night for fear of walking into some other trap. On Monday J. & Q. advanced to 83, and on Tuesday it went to 86. Next day it went up to 90 and a

fraction and Jimmy sold out, clearing \$8,000. That made him worth \$12,000 and he felt quite independent. The papers next morning reported the arrest of Lefty Morris for shooting the leader of a rival gang. As the wounded man was likely to recover, Lefty's political pull got him out of the Tombs on bail. On his way to his customary stamping grounds he was waylaid and badly wounded by three members of the rival gang, who made good their escape. Although he had recognized his assailants, he refused to tell their names, and joined the man he had shot in the hospital.

As he was likely to remain there three or four weeks, Jimmy hoped he would not be disturbed during that time by his enemies. Two weeks passed away without special incident, and then Jimmy found out that another syndicate had been formed to boom a stock, the name of which he could not learn. He discovered that a certain firm of brokers had been engaged to do the buying, and he felt that the only way to get on to the stock was to watch one or the other of the traders. One of them might be expected to devote his exclusive attention to the business of the syndicate, and he was the man Jimmy wished to spot.

The office boy was not successful in his plan. Nearly a week passed and he had found out nothing. He had delivered a message at the boys' entrance and was starting back to the office when he saw a member of the brokerage firm he was interested in enter the Exchange through one of the members' entrances. In his eagerness to get a line on the name of the stock the syndicate was manipulating, and forgetting that he had no right to use the private entrance, he dashed in after the broker. He found the gentleman standing talking to another trader at the door leading to the board room.

"You seem to be buying a lot of A. & D., Dexter," he heard the other broker say.

"You only think so," Dexter laughed.

"There were 20,000 shares sold yesterday, and you seemed to have taken most of that. Who are you buying for—some combine?"

"You wouldn't blame me not to tell you if I was."

"As the stock is going around 80, whoever you are buying it for must have a wad of money."

"All my important customers have good-sized bank rolls."

"I wish I could say the same of all mine."

At that moment two attendants spied Jimmy on interdicted ground. They had already had trouble with two strangers that morning, and they felt in an aggressive mood. They ran forward and seized him.

"Get out of here!" cried one of them, as they flung him roughly forward.

The boy lost his balance and pitched headforemost down the steps. He landed sprawling on the sidewalk, skinning his hands and elbows and presenting a ridiculous figure, which naturally attracted the attention of the passersby. Jimmy got up, as mad as a hornet, for he felt that the attaches had been unnecessarily rough with him. At that moment Mr. Jepson appeared close at hand. He had seen Jimmy flung out of the Exchange as he was crossing the street, and did not recognize him till he came up, and then he was surprised.

"What's the matter, Black?" he asked.

Jimmy explained that he had gone where he had no right to be to catch a broker, and would have come right out had he been left alone. He denounced the attendants as ruffians and said he was going to get his boss to report them.

"Come with me," said Jepson.

Jimmy followed him in through the door he had been thrown out of.

"Are those the men who handled you so roughly?" asked the operator.

"Yes, sir."

Jepson called them over and asked for their explanation. The attendants recognized the operator and touched their hats respectfully. They told their side of the case, and Jimmy admitted the truth of it.

"I didn't want to interrupt the gentlemen's conversation, so I waited; that is why I looked as if I was hanging around," said the boy.

Jepson was satisfied that the men had exceeded their duty.

"You had no right to throw the boy out that way, and down those steps. You might have broken one of his arms or legs. If you believed he had no right in here you should have simply ordered him out, and one of you was enough to have done that. Had he refused to go, or make an explanation of his presence here, the most you are authorized to do would have been to have taken him by the arm and led him to the door. Instead of doing this, you both acted like ruffians and I shall report you," said the operator.

As he passed into the board room the attendants looked crestfallen.

"You're in for it," said Jimmy, in a tone of satisfaction. "If I'm called before the Board of Governors, I'll show them my skinned arms and fingers, and you two will probably get the bounce. It will serve you right."

Having thus delivered himself, the office boy turned around and walked out. On the whole, he did not regret his bruises, for he had obtained what he wanted—the name of the stock that the syndicate was engineering. At the first chance that day he plunged again to the extent of 1,000 shares, putting up \$10,000 marginal security. The little bank took his order and bought the A. & D. shares for his account, at 80. and notified him by mail that the stock was held subject to his order. Thus Jimmy got in on the market again.

CHAPTER X.—The Missing Diamond Ring.

Jimmy didn't hear anything more about his strenuous experience at the Exchange till he got a note from Mr. Jepson, then he learned that the two attendants had been reprimanded and suspended from duty for a month. The office boy grinned and felt that his hurts had been sufficiently avenged.

"When they get back they'll be careful how they throw people out, I guess," he thought. "Some people need a lesson to put sense in their heads."

During the next two weeks A. & D. stock gradually went up to 90. Then it jumped to 95.

Jimmy looked to see it go to 100, but overhearing a conversation between Mr. Norton and another broker relative to it, he took alarm and

hurriedly sold out. He made \$15,000 and was very well satisfied. The syndicate did not go to pieces as he had feared it would, but the price did not go much higher, and after several days began to drop. Now that he was out of it, Jimmy did not pay much attention to its subsequent movements. Many people besides the members of the syndicate made money out of the rise, but the large majority who had purchased at high figures did not come out so well.

Shortly after that Jimmy was sent up to John street with a note to a well-known wholesale jeweler. He was shown into the jeweler's private room and delivered his note. The man read the note and told him to wait a few minutes. He left the room, leaving the door wide open. From his seat Jimmy could see a good part of the store all the way to the street door. He had a view of the showcases on one side with the clerks behind them waiting on two or three customers. One of the clerks on that side was idle and the jeweler went up to him.

While they were talking, Jimmy's attention rested on a man who was looking at a collection of rings. He tried several on and held them up to the light, but seemed hard to please. Finally he let one of the rings drop on the glass as if by accident, and it rolled up the case. The clerk made a grab for it. His attention was momentarily diverted from the man, and during that moment Jimmy saw the man reach down and scratch his leg, right about his shoe top. He straightened up in a moment and went on looking at the rings. The proprietor of the store soon returned with a small package and handed it to Jimmy.

At the same moment the man who had been examining the rings left without making a purchase. As he passed quickly out of the door, Jimmy came out of the private room. The clerk at the same moment discovered that a valuable diamond ring was missing, and suspecting that his customer had taken it, he started for the door to catch him and bring him back. When he reached the door, he saw no signs of the man. He must have disappeared into one of the near-by stores or office entrances, for he could not have gone far, either up or down the street to have got out of sight. As the clerk looked excited, Jimmy asked him what was wrong.

"A valuable diamond ring has been stolen from us."

"Stolen!" cried the boy.

"Yes. It must have been taken by the man I waited on. I showed him two trays full of rings and he went away without buying one. I don't see him on the sidewalk anywhere. As he could not have gone far, he must have slipped into one of the buildings close by."

"I noticed the man you were waiting on. He had a scar on his cheek, wore a dark suit and a derby hat," said Jimmy.

"That's right," said the clerk.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Will you stay here a moment and watch up and down the sidewalk till I get my hat?"

"Sure I will. I know the man, and if I see him come out of any door, I'll run after him and tell him you want to see him."

"Do so," said the clerk, rushing back for his hat.

The suspected man did not show himself, so Jimmy reported to the clerk when he got back.

"I wish I knew which direction he took," said the clerk.

"I saw him turn down when he walked out," said the office boy.

"Will you help me catch him?"

"I will."

"I'm going to look in each store and go into each entrance. I wish you'd follow me and remain on watch on the sidewalk."

Jimmy said he would, so the quest began. The clerk ran into the first entrance and was gone ten minutes.

"I went to the top of the house," he said, when he got back, "but I didn't see him."

"You're out of breath, so I'll climb into the next building for you. I'm a Wall Street office boy and accustomed to hustling."

Jimmy went through the adjoining building, but failed to find the man. The clerk took the next building, without result, and then Jimmy tackled the fourth one. When he reached the top floor he saw his man walking up and down the landing. The fellow had no suspicion of the boy, for he had not seen him in the store, and after giving him a glance paid no further attention to him. Jimmy went to the first door at hand, opened it and looked in. He did this to give him time to consider what he should do. He decided not to tackle the man, for he looked strong, and, in any case, Jimmy knew he could not make him go downstairs. Having spotted him, he judged that the best thing he could do was to return to the clerk and tell that party to summon a policeman. So he closed the door and started downstairs. The clerk was waiting for him.

"Your man is on the top floor of this building," he said to the clerk.

The clerk went into the store, asked permission to use the phone, explaining why he wanted to do so, and connected with the nearest police station. He was told that an officer would be sent at once. The clerk returned to Jimmy and both stood where they would see the man at once if he came out. Ten minutes passed and still no policeman. At that juncture Jimmy spied the man stepping out of the door. He stood for a moment and looked back at the store, then satisfied the coast was clear, he started down the street. But Jimmy had called the clerk's attention to him and the clerk recognized him as the customer whom he suspected. The moment the man turned to go he walked up to him and tapped him on the arm. The man wheeled around with a start.

"What do you want?" he asked roughly.

"I'd like you to come back with me to the store," said the clerk.

"What store?"

"The one where you looked at some diamond and ruby rings a short time ago."

"You've made a mistake. I'm not the man you take me for."

"Excuse me, but I know you are the man," said the clerk firmly.

"I tell you I'm not. I haven't been in any jewelry store on this street."

"That won't do," said the clerk. "You must go back with me."

"Must!" snorted the man.

"If you prefer to give up the ring you took when my attention was off you, I'll let you go."

"You must be crazy to accuse me of taking a ring when I wasn't in your store."

Jimmy had worked around to the man's rear to prevent him from beating a sudden retreat, and he saw a policeman coming up the block. Leaving the clerk arguing with the thief, he hurried to meet the officer.

"Were you sent in answer to a telephone call?" he asked the officer.

"I was. I am going to No. — John street."

"Come right along," said Jimmy.

The thief was on the point of breaking away from the clerk when Jimmy brought up the policeman.

"Don't let this man get away, officer," said the clerk. "I suspect him of taking a \$400 diamond ring from our store. I've been trying to get him back there, but he refuses to return. He denies that he is the party who was there, but I know he is, and this boy also saw him there."

The thief looked at Jimmy and recognized him as the boy who had come to the top floor of the building and looked into one of the offices there. He understood now why it was that he was caught, and he gave the boy an unpleasant look. He protested to the officer that it was a case of mistaken identity.

"No mistake, officer. I recognize him by that scar on his cheek," said the clerk, in a confident tone.

As the scar in question was quite prominent, the policeman judged that the man was the one wanted.

"You'll have to go to the store," he said, catching him by the arm. "If a mistake has been made you will be allowed to go."

"I think this is an outrage!" protested the thief, reluctantly accompanying the party.

The theft was not known in the store, and the unexplained absence of the clerk had been noted and wondered at. The party entered the store and proceeded to the rear. The clerk told the proprietor what had happened, and that he had been out looking for the man and finally, with the aid of Jimmy, had spotted him.

"You accuse this man of taking the ring?" said the jeweler.

"I missed it after he left the counter. Then I put the trays in the showcase and ran after him," said the clerk, who then explained in detail the trouble he and the boy had had in catching the man.

Jimmy's statement that he found the man pacing up and down the landing of the top floor of the fourth building from the store did not help the man's case any. Persisting in his assertion that he was not the right party, the man submitted to a search. The ring was not found on him.

"There, I told you that you had made a mistake," he said triumphantly.

Then Jimmy remembered that he had seen the man stoop and scratch his leg as he thought, so he suggested that the clerk look in his shoes.

"We have looked in his shoes," said the clerk. "I'm afraid he has hidden the ring in that building and will come after it later."

So the man was permitted to go, since there was no evidence to show that he had taken the ring, though his persistent denial of his identity

was looked upon as a very suspicious fact. Jimmy returned to the office and explained to Mr. Norton the cause of his long absence, and then went about his usual business.

CHAPTER XI.—Jimmy's Big Coup.

That evening Jimmy and Dan Maguire were playing a game of billiards in a Broadway billiard and pool parlor frequented by clerks and well-dressed young men generally. Feeling thirsty, Jimmy went over to the water cooler to get a drink. The cooler had been put in for the benefit of many patrons who would not patronize the bar under any circumstances. It was in a retired spot behind a Japanese screen, and it was only when a patron went to the bar and asked for a glass of water that he was referred to it, and after that he knew where to find it. While Jimmy was behind the screen, taking a drink, he heard a voice on the other side of the screen say:

"What do you think of this ring, Burton?"

"That's a cuckoo! Where did you get it? That diamond must be worth three or four hundred dollars."

"Oh, I bought it this morning in John street."

Jimmy pricked up his ears.

"I didn't know you had so much money to throw away on a ring."

"Throw away! Why, diamonds are the best investment a man can make. They always hold their value and sometimes even go up according to supply and demand. I could raise a nifty figure on this ring at a pawnshop any time I got hard up."

"Look here, Stetson, you never bought that ring. You must have found it or perhaps you pinched it."

"Do you suppose a fellow could pinch a ring in John street?"

"Why not there as well as any other street?"

"It would be hard to pinch a ring of that value anywhere. The clerks always keep a sharp lookout for light-fingered people."

"Well, you never bought that ring."

"Whether I did or not, I've got it, and possession is nine points of the law."

"I wish I had one like it."

"Then go down in John street and see if you can pick one up cheap."

The speaker chuckled and proposed that they play a game of pool.

"I'm with you. Say, where can I meet you to-morrow at two p. m.?"

"Wherever you say."

"Suppose we say at this place?"

"All right. I'll be here at two sharp."

Thus speaking, the pair walked away. Jimmy looked around the edge of the screen at them and recognized one as the chap who was accused of stealing the diamond ring in the John street store. He could not mistake the scar on his cheek, nor his general make-up.

"I wonder where he hid that diamond so that it wasn't found on him?" Jimmy asked himself. "He thinks he's safe now and is showing it around among his friends. I think I'll give him a little surprise. He's going to be here to-morrow at two o'clock to meet his friend. I'll send word

to the jeweler that I met him here this evening and that he had the diamond in his possession. As he'll probably continue wearing it, the clerk, by coming here to-morrow afternoon, will have the chance to nab him with the goods, and then it'll be good night!"

Jimmy went back to the table where he and Maguire were playing and continued the game. Next morning he told Mr. Norton how he had seen the man suspected of stealing the diamond ring from the John street store at the billiard parlor, and that he had the ring on his finger.

"He has made an engagement with a friend to be at the same place to-day at two, so I think it would be a good idea to notify the jeweler," said Jimmy.

"Call him up on the phone and tell him," said the broker.

The office boy did so at once. He got the jeweler on the wire and told him the facts.

"Are you sure it's the party you saw at my store yesterday?" asked the jeweler.

"I'm positive it was the same man. Besides, I heard him tell his friend that he got the ring in John street. He said he bought it yesterday morning."

"Give me the address of the billiard parlor."

"The Criterion, No. — Broadway. Your clerk will be able to identify him on sight, and the ring, too. The chances are the fellow will be wearing it."

"Thank you very much for the information," said the jeweler.

"You're welcome, sir. Good-by."

Jimmy's pointer proved a good one. The jeweler's clerk, accompanied by an officer in plain clothes, were at the Criterion parlor at two o'clock that afternoon. The clerk immediately spotted the man with the scar on his face. He saw the sparkle of a handsome diamond on his finger. He walked up to him and accused him of the theft. The chap was stung, but, recovering, put up a bold front. The clerk ordered the detective to arrest him, and he was taken to the Tenderloin police station. There he was recognized as a scaly sport and was locked up on the charge of grand larceny. Ultimately he was tried, convicted and sent away, and then the jeweler presented Jimmy with a diamond ring worth about \$75, but all that happened some weeks later than the present part of our story. Soon after the arrest of the ring thief Jimmy ran across Dickson again.

The gentleman was talking to the broker at the entrance to an office building in Exchange place. Their backs were turned to him and Jimmy didn't recognize Dickson as he came forward after leaving the elevator. The office boy heard him say:

"You needn't wait for further instructions, but go ahead and buy every share of N. & O. you can pick up on the quiet; another broker will do the buying at the——"

"I understand," said the trader, choking him off when he noticed Jimmy near at hand.

Then it was that Dickson turned around and saw the boy. He recognized him as the lad who had queered his scheme against Jepson, from the consequences of which he had escaped by the skin of his teeth, and his feelings toward Jimmy may be imagined.

"What are you doing there, you young imp?" he roared.

"I'm on my way out of the building," said Jimmy.

"But you stopped to listen to our conversation to see what you could pick up, you little spy! Take that!"

He lifted his foot and shot it at the boy. Jimmy saw the kick coming, but not in time to wholly save himself. He managed, however, to catch Dickson's leg and, smarting under the indignity of the kick, he gave the leg a jerk. Dickson, unable to retain his balance on one foot, fell to the floor and hit his head on the marble. The blow made him see several varieties of planets and stars, and he lay dazed till his companion assisted him to rise. Jimmy, feeling that he had avenged the insult, passed out of the building, and it was not till he was on his way up Broad street that he recalled the words uttered by Dickson relative to the purchase of N. & O. shares, then he realized that he had coppered another tip. It tickled him to think that it came through Dickson, who was down on him like a ton of iron.

"Of course, some combine, of which Dickson is the head, is behind that order. No single operator, like Dickson, could afford to give such an order, which will involve the expenditure of several millions," thought Jimmy. "An order like that means the anticipated cornering of the stock. I wish I had money enough at my back to corner the combine, I'd give Mr. Dickson a squeeze in his pocket he wouldn't soon forget."

Then it occurred to him to call on Jepson and tell him what he had overheard. That operator was fully able to lay for any ordinary syndicate and pull the ground from under it.

"No, I won't do that, for I want to make a haul out of the tip myself. If I told Mr. Jepson, I'd have to keep out of the market, for instead of buying he might sell thousands of shares short and burst the boom while I was in on it."

N. & O. was quoted at 65, and next day Jimmy bought 2,000 shares of it on margin, through the little bank. Next day Mr. Norton came out into the reception room and saw him looking at the tape.

"You seem to be interested in the quotations, Jimmy," he smiled.

"Yes, sir. I'm working the market for a million, and I want to see how my stock is running," replied Jimmy, dropping the tape.

"That reminds me," said the broker, who did not take his reply seriously, "that I forgot to make you a present for that tip you gave me some time ago. I made some money out of it, and it's only fair I should make you some acknowledgment."

"All right, sir. I never turn down anything that comes my way."

"Come in my office."

Jimmy followed him in and Mr. Norton wrote him a check for \$500.

"There you are. Deposit that in a savings bank and one of these days it will come in handy," he said.

Jimmy thanked him and went back outside.

"My, if the boss thought I was worth \$27,000, all made out of the stock market, he'd have several kinds of fits. He supposes that I'll go into paroxysms of joy over this \$500 check, and that

it will make me feel as rich as a prince. I didn't want him to catch me looking at the ticker, for it might look suspicious, but he did not think anything of it. Thought, maybe, that I was just filling in a spare minute. I see N. & O. is up half a point. That means I've made \$1,000 since yesterday."

Two weeks later N. & O. was up to 80. How high the people at the back of the stock would be able to force it Jimmy had no idea, but as he considered it was dangerous for him to hold on any longer, he sold out and cleared \$30,000. He celebrated his coup by taking Mrs. Poynter and Harriet to the theater, and he took them in a cab, at that, so that the landlady got a ride in that kind of a vehicle after all, and it afforded her a great deal of satisfaction. After the show Jimmy treated them to supper at a first-class Sixth avenue restaurant. Jimmy handed Mrs. Poynter the bill-of-fare to pick out what she wanted. When she saw the prices she nearly had a fit.

"Jimmy, you cawn't pay the prices charged 'ere. Let's go helsewhere," she said.

"Don't you worry about me not being able to pay. Look at that wad," and the boy showed her a roll of money that looked as big as a house.

"Wherever did you get hall that money, Jimmy?" she exclaimed.

"In Wall Street, of course," he answered.

"'Ow could you make it in Wall Street? You honly get ten dollars a week."

"This roll represents what I make outside of my wages."

"Houtside your wages! 'Ow is that? You never told me before that you made hextra money. 'Ow long 'as it taken you to make hall that?"

"Here comes the waiter for your order. Pick out what you want."

"Horder me something hinexpensive, 'Arriet," said Mrs. Poynter, in a resigned tone.

Squabs on toast, with lyonnaise potatoes and sundry other things, were ordered. The restaurant was pretty full. It was on the second floor and overlooked both Sixth avenue and a side street. Mrs. Poynter, having an old-fashioned look, attracted some attention from the people within range of her voice, particularly four young dudes, who acted as if they owned the restaurant. They got on to Mrs. Poynter's cockney accent and began making fun of her among themselves.

"Say, 'Arry, me boy, 'ow's yer bloomin' 'ealth?" said one of them.

"It's all right, me lad. Do you know, I cawn't see to read this horwid small print without me monocle, 'pon me honor I cawn't."

The other two made similar idiotic remarks, and Jimmy heard all they said. He knew their talk was aimed at Mrs. Poynter, though that lady seemed to be quite insensible to their funny business. It made him hot under the collar, particularly as he couldn't resent it in the way he'd like to without causing a disturbance in the place. Harriet heard the young fellows, too, and their remarks made her very indignant. She flashed a look at one of them once in a while that ought to have silenced them, but it only seemed to tickle them the more. They took to gaying the young lady. A gentleman with two ladies occupied a table within easy earshot, and they could

not help hearing and understanding what was going on, and it was easy to see that they were not pleased.

Jimmy's party concluded their meal, which was only enjoyed by Mrs. Poynter, who had paid no attention to the youths who had been roasting her. The waiter laid the paper check beside the boy. He handed that individual a bill and the waiter carried it, with the check, to the cashier, returning with the change. Jimmy gave him a quarter tip and then he, Harriet and Mrs. Poynter rose to go. As they passed the table of the humorous four one of them couldn't resist the temptation of giving the landlady a parting shot.

"Say, 'Arry, it's a wonder these cockneys are permitted to intwude into a respectable westaurant—haw!" he said.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back with Jimmy. He turned, like a flash, and smashed the speaker in the jaw. The young fellow went over, chair and all, with a crash on the floor, creating a scene of considerable excitement.

CHAPTER XII.—Trapped.

The other three jumped up, apparently with the intention of resenting Jimmy's attack on their companion.

"What do you mean by hitting our friend?" demanded the nearest aggressively.

"You're a bunch of loafers, the four of you," said Jimmy, who was ready for them. "You haven't manners enough to last you overnight. We've stood your insulting talk as long as we can, and if you open your mouth again I'll give you what I handed your companion."

The excitement increased in the restaurant, with the prospect of a row, and the manager came hurrying to the scene. Two of the three young fellows were not intimidated by Jimmy's aggressive attitude, and they pushed back their chairs to get at him. At that moment the escort of the two ladies rose and stepped between the belligerents.

"Sit down!" he said, in an authoritative way to the young men. "I have been a witness of your conduct here and if I had anything to say about it you would have been expelled from the room. This young man has stood more than I would, and the blow he struck at last was fully justified. You appear to be respectable young men, but you have acted like ill-bred boys, and this young man very properly termed you loafers."

"What is the trouble here?" demanded the manager.

"The trouble is that those four young men have grossly insulted these two ladies, and their young escort finally resented it with a blow, sir," said the gentleman. "I, myself, and the ladies who are with me, have been very much annoyed by their disgraceful behavior ever since they came in here. They ought to be put out of the place and debarred from entering it again."

The showing up they got from the gentleman was too much for the dudes. They knew they deserved it, and they had not counted on any outsider taking sides against them. With muttered protests that they had done nothing, they left the table and, getting their check from the waiter, handed him a bill and started off, without waiting

for the change, which was appropriated by the man. Jimmy explained the situation in a few words to the manager, and the gentleman corroborated his story.

"You should have sent for me and made your complaint, and I would have put the obnoxious parties out at once," said the manager. "By taking the matter in your own hands, you created a disturbance which we always endeavor to avoid."

"I am sorry, sir, but I'll leave it to this gentleman if after the insults we received we were not leaving the place quietly when the fellow I struck made a remark that brought matters to a crisis. But for that, there would have been no row."

"That is right," said the gentleman.

"Very well," said the manager. "I have nothing more to say, except that I regret the trouble happened."

Jimmy thanked the gentleman who had interfered in his behalf, and then he and his party walked out, Mrs. Poynter in a state of intellectual confusion, which Harriet was trying to straighten out. As Jimmy was handing the landlady and her niece into the cab, the four dudes, who had been waiting outside, approached him.

"You've got to apologize for that blow," said the chap who was struck.

"That so?" replied Jimmy, bristling up. "If you fellows are looking for trouble, I'll give you all you want of it right here. I'll take you on one at a time unless you are cowardly enough to attack me in a bunch. If you are, start in, and I'll try to handle the lot of you."

"You called us loafers," said one of the others.

"That's what you acted like. You may have considered yourselves funny, but that brand of fun doesn't go with respectable people."

Jimmy took advantage of their indecision to spring up beside the driver and the cab rolled away, leaving the dudes in the lurch. Next day when Jimmy returned from the bank, a little after three, he found a letter awaiting him, which had been left by the postman. The letter was written by a woman who signed herself Mrs. White. She said she had heard about him from Mrs. Poynter, and she wished he would call on her that afternoon on his way home, as she wished to consult him about the selling of some mining stock which she had. She hoped Jimmy wouldn't disappoint her, as she was going out of town and might not find another chance of seeing him on the subject.

Jimmy decided to call on his correspondent, whose address was near 42d street on the East Side. He left the office at four and started for the address in the letter. When he got out at the station at 42d street he ran into Mrs. Poynter.

"Hello! What brings you down here?" said Jimmy.

"I 'eard of a sale of butter and heggs and I wanted to take hadvantage of the chawnce; that's why I'm 'ere," said the landlady.

"I got off here to call on a lady named White. I don't know her, but she says she knows you, and that you spoke to her about me."

"I don't know hanybody by the name of White," said Mrs. Poynter.

"No? That's funny. Here's her letter. Read it."

The landlady read the note.

"I know a Robinson who lives on 45th street, but this cawn't be 'er. I cawn't make 'ead or tail of this letter. I'm sure I don't know the woman," said Mrs. Poynter positively.

"All right," said Jimmy. "Must be a mistake somewhere."

"Maybe hit's a trap to catch you, Jimmy. Hi wouldn't go there."

"It might be," said the boy reflectively. "I think I'll go and see what kind of a house it is."

"Better let me 'ave the letter, for if hany-thing should 'appen to you, I'd want to know where to send the bobbies."

Jimmy copied the name and address of his correspondent and turned the letter over to his landlady.

"Now you come 'ome as soon as you've 'ad your supper so I'll know nothing 'as 'appened to you. If you don't come by seven o'clock, I'll send 'Arriet to the police station with this letter."

"I'll be home, don't you worry," said Jimmy, walking away.

Jimmy found the house, which was one of a row of red brick ones, and thought it did not look dangerous. He went on to the corner grocery and asked the grocery man if he knew the persons who lived in No. —.

"No, they don't deal with me," was the reply.

"As far as you know all the people in the block are respectable?"

"As far as I know they are," said the grocery-man.

That was all Jimmy could learn, and it didn't enlighten him much. A policeman coming along, the boy asked him about the house and its occupants.

"I haven't heard any complaint against the people," said the officer. "Why do you ask?"

"I got an invitation to call there this afternoon from a lady I don't know, but who said she knew my landlady, Mrs. Poynter. She said Mrs. Poynter spoke of me to her. I'm connected with Wall Street, and she wants to see me about selling some mining shares."

"If your landlady knows her, I guess she's all right."

"I met Mrs. Poynter a while ago and she told me that she didn't know the lady."

"Well, you'll have to use your own judgment about calling. If she wants to see you on business I should think it was all right. As far as I know, there are no crooked houses on the block."

The policeman walked away, leaving Jimmy still undecided. As it was broad daylight the boy guessed it would be safe to visit the house. Accordingly, he went to the number and rang the bell. A red-headed boy opened the door and asked him what he wanted.

"Does Mrs. White live here?" asked Jimmy.

Before he could answer, a voice from above, in a woman's tone, said:

"Show the young gentleman into the back parlor, Mike."

Jimmy followed his conductor into the back room on that floor. It was furnished with a faded kind of finery, the chairs, table and carpet all being old-fashioned, while the windows were hung with a heavy, dark drapery not used nowadays. The only article that looked modern was a big armchair in one corner. Mike pointed at it and told him to sit down. The chair looked

comfortable, and Jimmy sat down. As his weight rested on the seat, he suddenly felt his shoulders and legs gripped by bands of steel that closed around them. Before he could even utter an ejaculation of surprise and alarm, the top of the chair fell over his head and face, like a hood, and he was helpless and in the dark. He heard a sharp click and then felt the chair descending with him, slowly as some piece of scenery on the stage through a trap. After what seemed like a long drop to him, the chair came to a rest on the floor, the hood raised itself from his face and he could breathe freely once more. He was held, however, as in a vise, by the bands and could not move.

"Trapped!" he muttered, feeling like kicking himself for his folly in venturing into the house. "I suppose this is Lefty Morris' work and I will see my finish this time."

Then he remembered, with a gleam of hope, that Mrs. Poynter had the letter with the address of the house and she had said if he failed to appear at the house at seven o'clock she would send it to the police station by Harriet. He knew the landlady would do it, for she was that kind of a woman. It was now after five and he could hardly expect the police to come there looking for him much before eight, and a whole lot might happen during that interval. Then the officer would certainly be told that he had not been there, and as the house did not appear to be under suspicion, the question was whether they would consider it in their line of duty to insist on searching the house. Altogether, the prospects did not look encouraging to Jimmy.

The moments passed and so dark was the place he was in that he could make out nothing. He heard sounds above his head, but none around him. Thus an hour passed, and a gloomy hour it was to the office boy. If he was put out of the way, he wondered who would benefit by the \$57,000 in his safe deposit box, which would be opened when the rent of the box expired. He had no relatives that he had ever heard of, so he presumed his money would go to the State for lack of a legitimate heir.

At that point of his reflections a door suddenly opened and an electric flashlight was turned full upon him, blinding him by its glare. He closed his eyes to shut it out, and heard a chuckle from a man. The light disappeared and Jimmy opened his eyes. The darkness was more intense than ever after the light.

"Better say your prayers, young man, while you have the chance," said a voice out of the darkness, a voice he was sure he had heard before somewhere.

It did not resemble the tones of Lefty Morris, nor any of that crowd, but had the ring of refinement.

"Who are you?" asked Jimmy.

"Never mind who I am. I owe you a score, and I shall pay it to-night when you are turned over to the people who will see that you reach the morgue. Twice you have eluded your fate, but if you can escape this time you must be something more than human."

As the voice died away the thought suddenly occurred to Jimmy that the speaker was Dickson. No other person seemed to fill the bill so well as he. The boy knew that this man had it

in for him hard, and he was acquainted with Lefty Morris, who was willing to execute orders from him for a consideration. Jimmy opened his mouth to say that he recognized him, but he changed his mind and remained silent.

"Got anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed on you?" asked the voice out of the darkness.

"What good would it do? If you have made up your mind to do me, nothing I could say will stop you; but remember one thing—you will be my real murderer, and some day the fact will come back to you and maybe you'll wish you hadn't trapped me."

"I'm not worrying about the future. No one will give me away. I pay well for my work and I take care to see that I am not incriminated."

"All right. You know your own business."

"Yes, I think I do. You're a pretty nervy lad for one who is in your position. Another boy would beg for his life. However, you have no parents, so no one will miss you much."

"I guess my boss will, for one."

"Mr. Norton, eh? Oh, the woods are full of office boys."

"Yes; but Mr. Norton classes me among the headliners. By the way, what time is it?"

"What do you want to know the time for?"

"Just curious to know how long I've been in this house."

"It's about quarter to seven."

"Thanks. I'm due somewhere at seven."

"What of it?"

"If I don't turn up you are likely to land in jail."

"What do you mean?" said the voice, with a startled ring.

"What I said."

There was a pause.

"Say, young man, do you think you can frighten me into letting you go?"

"No, I don't think I can. I'd consider it a favor, though, if you'd ease up on these steel bands. They hold me mighty tight."

"That's what they were intended to do."

"I wonder how many people have been in their clutch before?"

"That need not worry you. I'll leave you now to put in the short time that remains to you as best you can. Good-by for the present."

Thus speaking, Jimmy heard a door shut to and then he knew that he was alone again.

weight left the seat of the chair and the bands unclasped from his legs and shoulders.

He sprang forward, free at last. He felt for a match and struck it. The illumination showed him that he was in a small room not much bigger than a goodsized closet. In front of him was a door without a handle. He pressed against it, but it was immovable. The entire room was sheathed with zinc, the door excepted. Having exhausted his efforts to escape, he turned his attention to the chair. It was attached at the back to two grooved iron runners, up and down which it was made to run something after the manner of an elevator. A wire rope was attached to the back and ran up out of sight through the square hole above, which was just large enough to take in the chair with an occupant. An inspection of the wall showed a push-button. Jimmy pushed it. There was a sharp click and the chair began to rise slowly.

"Here goes for a ride to the back parlor," said the boy, leaping on the chair. He felt the shoulder bands shoot out at him and set themselves with a click, but now they clutched nothing. Jimmy crouched low in the chair and lighted a match, which he held above his head and looked upward. The chair went so slowly that the match expired before he caught sight of anything save a dark void overhead. He lighted another match and soon saw the ceiling above. He wondered how he was going to open it until he saw it opened automatically itself as the chair approached it. The chair passed through, and the piece of carpeted flooring on which it rested fitted itself to the opening and the chair came to rest in the spot where it stood when Jimmy sat down in it. The boy felt like shouting when he sprang to the floor, and the steel bands disappeared again. There was no one in the room, which was lighted by a single gas jet overhead, turned low. As Jimmy was about to start for the door it occurred to him that if any one came into the room the sight of the chair would lead to a commotion.

"I'll look for the spring and send it down again," he said.

The button was easily found, pushed, and down went the chair once more, a piece of carpeted flooring sliding across the opening and fitting neatly into it. At that moment there came a ring at the bell. The redheaded boy came up out of the basement and opened the door.

"Is Mr. Dickson here?" asked a voice.

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"I have. My name is Kittridge."

"Come in."

For fear the newcomer would be shown into the back parlor where the light was turned low, Jimmy glided through the heavy curtains into the front parlor, which was dark. Then the door of the front parlor was thrown open and the visitor shown in there. Jimmy had just time to scramble under a piano when the red-headed boy struck a match and lighted the gas.

"Hello, Kittridge!" said Dickson, walking in. "I see you're on time. I'm glad of that, for I have some special business on hand for the evening. However, I won't detain you long. The syndicate is complete now. I saw the last gentleman this afternoon at his house and he has come in. We will hold a meeting to-morrow morning at my office at ten. You needn't wait

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

"I wonder what holds these clamps in place?" thought Jimmy reflectively. "The moment my weight rested on the seat it must have released a spring that held the bands back. If I could lift my weight off the seat it might reverse the operation. Can I do that?"

In the course of his investigation he got his hands behind the chair. They encountered a band of steel. As he felt of this he suddenly heard a click. In an instant he felt a trembling of the bands, though they still held close. He made an effort to rise up. As he did so the clamps loosened some. Holding himself rigid, he brought his arms around and rested them on the arms of the chair and then lifted his body farther. His

for any action at that meeting, for I can tell you now what it will be. You will be authorized to go ahead and buy S. & T. at the market or within a point of it. The stock is selling low now, as you know, and the demand for it is slight. You want to work quick, though, for as soon as it becomes known that a considerable quantity of the stock is changing hands the price will stiffen and advance."

"Nothing more likely," said Kittridge.

Dickson then outlined the plans of the syndicate. The interview lasted half an hour, at the end of which time the broker took his leave and Dickson called up the stairs:

"Sadie, are you nearly ready?"

"I've been waiting for your visitor to go," came a woman's voice.

"He's gone. The cab must be waiting at the corner. I'll send Mike for it. Understand, now, you're not to come back till to-morrow. Morris won't come for the boy till after midnight. He says it isn't safe. He's going to send him by the sewer route again, but this time he'll make sure work of it."

While Dickson was speaking, the lady was coming down the stairs. As she reached the foot of the flight the bell rang in a vigorous way.

The woman, who was young and handsome, and was dressed for the street, tripped to the window and looked out.

"My heavens! It's a policeman—two of them. What can they want?"

Dickson uttered an ejaculation.

"I don't know what they want. They can't be after the boy, for it isn't likely a soul knows where he is."

A second ring brought the red-headed boy in a hurry. He opened the door.

"Does Mrs. White live here?" asked one of the officers.

"Heavens!" cried the woman to Dickson. "They're after the boy."

"No such party lives here," said Mike.

"A boy named Jimmy Black called here about five, didn't he?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, I've got a warrant to search the house for that boy."

"What's the trouble?" asked Dickson, stepping forward.

"We're looking for a boy who is believed to have called here this afternoon," said the officer.

"Know anything about the boy, Sadie?" asked Dickson.

"No," replied the woman.

"Who occupies this house?"

"I do," said the woman.

"Is your name Mrs. White?"

"No; it's Mrs. Sadie Adams."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Dickson."

"Live here?"

"No; I just called to see Mrs. Adams."

"Well, we've got to search the house, at any rate, whether the boy is here or not."

"I don't know who sent you on such an errand, but I think it's an outrage," flashed the lady. "There's no boy here."

"That's a lie!" said Jimmy, coming forward. "I'm the boy you're after, officer."

The lady uttered a shriek and Dickson a smothered imprecation.

"Officer, I call on you to arrest these persons," said Jimmy. "This woman wrote the note under the name of White, which enticed me to the house. And this man is at the back of the plot."

"Why, you young monkey——" cried the Wall Street man furiously.

"It won't do, Mr. Dickson. I recognized your voice when you called on me down in the cellar. You gave yourself away then and I intend to see that you get all that's coming to you. Officer, I've been held prisoner in this house since five o'clock till I escaped a short time ago."

"The boy is crazy," said Dickson.

"Officer, fetch these people and the red-headed boy there, who is trying to sneak away, into the back room and I'll show you something."

Mrs. Adams and Dickson protested against any such thing, but the officers, having their suspicions that all was not right, led the way, with the three and Jimmy, into the back room. The boy then told his story and pushed the button. The chair came up.

"Make that boy sit in it," said Jimmy.

Mike objected, but was compelled to do so. The moment he sat in the chair the clamps and hood operated. That was enough for the officers. They arrested Dickson, Mike and Mrs. Adams and carried them to the station house, where Jimmy made his charge, the officers told the secret of the house and the prisoners were locked up. A warrant was immediately issued for Lefty Morris, and he was taken into custody later. Dickson sent for his lawyer and got out on bail. Jimmy called on his employer at his home and told his story.

"I want you to help me put these people through," he said.

Mr. Norton promised to do what he could in the matter. He telephoned for a detective. When the man arrived he asked if Morris had been arrested yet.

"Not to my knowledge," said the sleuth.

"When he is, I want you to turn the screws on him and get him to turn State's evidence against Dickson. That's the only way we can convict our man."

When Lefty was brought in and locked up the detective got at him and told him that the only thing that would save him was to confess everything. Morris decided to confess, and he did. As a result, Dickson was ultimately convicted and sent away. But before he was brought to trial Dickson was out on bail, and not knowing that Morris had gone back on him, he felt satisfied that nothing could be proved against him since Jimmy's word could not be corroborated.

He took charge of the cornering and booming of S. & T., according to program. Jimmy took advantage of his knowledge of what the syndicate was doing, and plunged on the stock to the extent of 5,000 shares. He bought the shares on margin at 82 and sold out two weeks later at a profit of \$18 a share, clearing \$90,000. The exposure of Dickson created considerable excitement in Wall Street, and his connection with the attempted kidnapping of Jepson also came out at his trial. He got ten years, and owed it all to Jimmy, the office-boy.

Next week's issue will contain "ALWAYS ON TIME; or, THE PERILS OF A YOUNG MAIL CONTRACTOR."

CURRENT NEWS

GIRL TOURIST'S COAT HAD A BOTTLE IN EACH SLEEVE.

Norman Ferguson, customs inspector on the Hoboken pier where the Dutch liner Rotterdam docked the other day, noticed Miss O. A. Grier of No. 277 Broadway, a passenger, hand a coat over the fence of the baggage inclosure to a friend waiting for her. He took the coat and alleges that in each sleeve he found a bottle of whisky.

Ferguson took the coat and contents and informed Miss Grier she might go to the Custom House to-morrow and have a talk, if she wished to claim her property.

NEW COUNTERFEIT \$5 BILL.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York warned recently against a new counterfeit note now circulating. In imitation of a \$5 Federal Reserve note the counterfeit is described as follows:

"On the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, Ohio; check letter 'B'; series 1914; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; D. F. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury; portrait of Lincoln. The number of the specimen at hand is D19767990A, and bears back plate No. 793. The face plate number is indecipherable."

\$50,000 OF RARE WINE DISCOVERED IN VAULT.

Prohibition agents searching for contraband liquor unearthed nearly 800 gallons of rare old wines and liquor in a cellar of a home in Tiffin, Ohio.

The liquor was found in a deep vault barred by a thick oak door guarded with a ponderous iron lock, which officials believe had not been opened since the death of the owner, Trueman H. Bagby, former Probate Judge of Seneca County, more than twenty years ago.

Federal agents are convinced the tenants of the place had no knowledge of the cellar, the door to which was concealed behind a pile of wood and boxes.

FIRST NEGRO WOMAN TO GET PH.D.

The degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred upon Miss Sadie Mossell, a young negro, by the University of Pennsylvania, and thereby she becomes the first woman of her race to win such a high scholastic honor.

Miss Mossell is the daughter of Aaron Mossell of Philadelphia, who was the first negro to be graduated from the university law school, and a niece of Dr. N. F. Mossell of the Douglas Hospital, who was the first negro to be admitted to the practice of medicine from the West Philadelphia College. She is a granddaughter of Bishop Benjamin F. Tanner of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

ANCIENT SPORT of CYCLING RETURNS.

Cycling, considered a more or less moribund sport since the advent of the motor, is coming back in favor again with New Yorkers. A

stream of cyclists may be seen any fair day along the asphalt and well oiled roads near Bronx Park, along the Perth Amboy road on Staten Island and elsewhere on roadways which lead through the city's beauty spots.

"I've got a car of my own," said one lover of the revived sport, as he paused for breath at the top of a steep hill in The Bronx, "but I like to take the old wheel out for exercise. The motor car's the thing for making time, no doubt, and a lazy man's day, but the bicycle's the thing for exercise. It works the muscles and lungs, and when you get back from a trip you're tired enough to enjoy a cooling off in a machine."

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL JUNE 17, 1775.

In the papers a few days ago a New York woman declared that New Yorkers do not know the history of their own city. In Boston, she said, it is different. There the babies learn to say "Bunker Hill" as soon as they learn to say "mamma" and "papa."

On June 17 it was 146 years since the Battle of Bunker Hill. It is as well worth while for New Yorkers to remember that date as for Boston people to teach it to their children. The battles and great deeds which took place in New York and on Long Island should not take a place, even in the minds of New York folks, before that of Bunker Hill, because Bunker Hill was the keynote of all the events which came after in the New World.

If we didn't know the history of New England, we wouldn't understand some of the things which took place in our own vicinity. Once we have learned about Bunker Hill we know why we won the Revolutionary War; why our nation, with less than 200 years behind it, stands in many things away ahead of other nations to-day—nations that have taken centuries of striving and development to bring them close to our achievement.

Do you remember how 1,200 Americans, with a little powder and an unlimited supply of grit, slipped away to Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, and, working desperately under cover of darkness, succeeded in fortifying that hill and another, Breed's Hill, close by? Can you repeat the story of the next day—how the 4,000 British soldiers stormed the heights, once, twice, both times driven helter-skelter down the hillside, leaving dead and dying behind them? How the Americans fought on, under a blazing sun, hour after hour, with little to eat or drink and their powder steadily diminishing? How they faced the oncoming British a third time; how, when their powder was all gone, they grappled with the enemy, hand-to-hand, struggled until their leader, knowing fighting would result only in greater loss, ordered a retreat? It was a British victory in a military sense; the real victory was with the Americans.

If you know the story of Bunker Hill you will learn more easily the story of your own locality. The spirit the Americans showed at Bunker Hill was the same spirit true Americans have shown ever since, in all great emergencies.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"I can make a charge against you under any name."

"Go ahead and do it."

"I mean to, and on the word of a lawyer you will soon find yourself in a very ticklish situation."

"You can only say that I made a charge of theft against you, and that the charge was a mistake."

"That shows what you knew, although you are mixed up with clever scoundrels, who think they know something about the law. So far as your false charge goes, the judge before whom the case was tried is willing to accept a charge of perjury against you, and as it will be easy to prove it you would get not less than two years for that."

"You can't scare me."

"I think I can," confidently said Lew, "and I think I will before I get through with you. However, the charge of perjury is one of the two charges I shall make against you, and the other one will get you not less than five years in jail."

"You can't make any other charge against me, and I'll trust to any clever lawyer to get me off on that."

"All right, we'll see what a lawyer will do for you when you are charged with being an accomplice in the abduction of Madge Morehouse."

Lew was looking straight at her as he uttered the words, and he was sure that she paled, and that her mouth twitched nervously.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said, and tried to appear unconcerned.

"Of course you do," said Lew. "You were in the house when the hack drove up last night, and when you looked down upon me and the man I tackled in the front yard the hackman was looking at your face. He described you, and I knew you at once from the description, and the hackman can positively identify you, and that's what he'll do."

The girl was silent for a moment, and then she tossed her head in the air and said scornfully:

"You're guessing at some things and trying to find out some more by talking to me, but you can't frighten me."

She was putting up a brave "front," but Lew was confident that he had alarmed her, and he went at her again.

"You're standing in your own light, my girl," he said, "and I'll try to make that clear to you. You will certainly be held on the two charges I am going to make against you, and there is no chance of escape from conviction on the two of

them. This will mean a sentence of not less than seven years against you, and it is probable that when you are led out before the detectives for an inspection that you will either be recognized as an old offender who is wanted for other matters, or, if you have committed crimes elsewhere they may have photographs and descriptions of you and communicate with other cities. You know best whether you are wanted elsewhere or not, and you also know that if you are that you will be re-arrested the moment you leave jail, and will then be turned over to those who asked for you. I have no doubt that you are wanted for many more crimes than those two with which I can charge you, so if you want to act foolish and spend half of your life in jail, why that's your lookout, and you can only blame yourself for it."

Lew had looked steadily at her while he was speaking, and when he spoke about her probably being wanted elsewhere he felt sure that he had guessed the truth.

The girl was silent, and Lew let the words sink into her mind, hoping that they would bear the result he hoped for.

Suddenly she turned to him.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to know where Madge Morehouse is."

"Is that all?"

"What do you mean?"

"Will you be satisfied with that information?"

"No. I also want to know who is the 'brains' of the gang that trapped me and Miss Morehouse."

"Then I won't talk."

And she closed her mouth with a determined snap that Lew could see that she meant what she said. He thought over the matter and came to the conclusion that the girl was either afraid to talk about the gang or else was too loyal to do so, and as the principal thing at the present time was to obtain the release of Madge, he made up his mind to let the other consideration pass by.

"All right," he said, "I'll be satisfied if you tell me where I can find Miss Morehouse."

"You'll let me go at once?"

"Do you think I'm a fool? Here you are at the police station, and you are going in and I am going to make my charge of perjury against you, and then you are going to a cell. If your information about the young lady is correct you will be released within an hour."

"All right," said Grace, and then she was led into the police station. Lew made his charge against her, and the girl told him the address where Madge could be found, a house situated in a street less than half a mile away. Then Lew told the sergeant, who was the very one who had led the raiding party the night before, that he had found out where Miss Morehouse was held, and asked for a few men to go with him.

The sergeant called half a dozen officers at once, a wagon was brought from the police stable, and away went Lew with the bluecoats. The house in question was soon reached, and the men tumbled out at the door. This was no deserted residence, as Lew could see at a glance.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

TO IRRIGATE SAHARA.

An immense African irrigation project to enable the French colony to raise France's cotton instead of leaving the country dependent upon the United States is contained in the bill recently presented in the Chamber of Deputies. It will require the expenditure of about 250,000,000 francs for damming the Upper Niger in the French Sudan and irrigating three and three-quarter million acres. With the Niger utilized between Bammako and Timbuctoo it is calculated the yield will exceed that in America.

RICH IRON ORE DEPOSITS DISCOVERED.

Extensive iron ore deposits have been found in the Bavarian provinces of Middle and Upper Franconia within a triangle, the corners of which are approximately the cities of Nuremberg, Bamberg and Bayreuth. The veins have an average thickness of 16 feet and cover 250,000 acres.

The ore contains from 30 to 50 per cent. of iron, a relatively small amount of phosphorus and is rich in silica. The deposits are from 3 to 50 feet below the surface of the ground and can be mined easily and at relatively low cost, the more so as they are covered with sand and clay.

SAVE ROBINS' NEST.

Teachers and pupils in the Garfield School, Columbus, Ind., protested recently to the school board when a man employed by the board to trim the trees in all the school yards of the city threatened to destroy a nest on which a robin was sitting. The school board ordered the trimmer to spare the tree.

Twenty years ago a pair of robins built a nest in this tree, hatched and raised the young. Every spring since robins have come to the same tree. The nest is placed so that pupils, by looking from the windows of an upper room, can watch the robin feed the young.

WEDS GIRL WHO WAITED THROUGH THREE WARS.

After twenty-two years of waiting, during which time he travelled more than 11,000 miles, Theodore Dames, a soldier, arrived in York and claimed as his bride Miss Maybelle Walton.

The romance had its inception during the Spanish-American war. After peace with Spain, Dames was sent to other spheres and did not reach home shores until recently, when he landed at San Francisco.

During the time he was away he served in three wars—Spanish-American war, the Boxer uprising and the World war.

AN ELECTRIC CHAIR.

A unique electrically propelled wheel chair, which is an ideal vehicle for the use of invalids, has made its appearance in London. The vehicle is easy to operate, the controller being conveniently located on the right side of the seat and the steering lever in front, enabling the occupant to steer with either hand. Storage batteries, which supply the power for a small elec-

tric motor which drives the front wheels, are carried in a box at the front.

This type of conveyance is commonly called a "Bath chair," in England, as the original man-propelled wheel chair first came into general use in that country by invalids at Bath, the hot springs resort on the western coast.

HAIR BALL IN STOMACH.

The serious consequence of a bad childish habit is related in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Whitemore reports the case of a girl, aged thirteen years, who entered the hospital with a diagnosis of acute appendicitis. For a year or more she had been in the habit of pulling hair from her head, winding it about her finger and then sucking her finger. One year ago she began to have periodic attacks of pain in her stomach every two or three months, lasting a week. Between attacks there had been almost constant pain in her stomach, which was worse when she moved about and disappeared when she lay down. At operation a large, hard mass, which was somewhat movable, was felt inside the stomach. A hair-ball, about the size and shape of the inside of the stomach, weighing 212 gm. (about 7 ounces), was removed.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

By HORACE APPLETON.

There had always been extant a tradition in Southport of buried gold. The legend had it that old Captain Fisher, an old-time pirate captain, had at one time made his rendezvous upon the storm-bound cape.

There, it was said, he had buried a vast treasure.

Somehow there was a popular belief that the gold would be found under the old lighthouse on the point.

This had long been in disuse since the new light had been constructed on the other side of the cape.

At the base of the cliff, snug against the wall, there was built a homely fisher hut, the abode of old Jerry Proctor, and Ann, his wife.

Old Jerry was a fisherman, and had at one time been the master of the light in its palmy days.

"If anybody knows the location of old Captain Fisher's buried treasure, it ought to be Jerry Proctor," averred Sam Woods, an enterprising young lawyer of the town. "As for myself, I doubt if it ever existed, except in somebody's very fertile imagination."

Hiram Goodhue, the magistrate of the town, and a grasping speculator, overheard this remark.

"That may be," said old Goodhue, in a rasping way, "but I don't believe he knows anything at all about it. If he does, would he not long since have brought out the wealth and spent it?"

"Not necessarily," replied the young lawyer, coolly. "Jerry is somewhat of a miser himself. I have no doubt that he has a small fortune of his own stored away somewhere."

"Humph!" exclaimed Goodhue. "It is time that he devoted some of it to the purchase of a cleanly suit of clothes and made an appearance at church. He has not been out of oilskins since I can remember."

Sam's face flushed a little.

"Indeed, Mr. Goodhue," he said, in an acid tone, "I hardly see how you can afford to criticize old Jerry so severely. He has earned his money by *honest* work, not by defrauding widows and orphans. As for his attending church, I know personally that in his own heart he is a good Christian."

"I can understand your interest in him, sir, and why you should defend him. I believe Miss Olive Martin is his niece."

They were at the moment upon the steps of the Sea Bird Inn, the resort of the place. Near them stood several men who were listening with idle interest.

One of these was a tall young man with a swarthy complexion. He seemed to listen eagerly, and there was a curious hungry gleam in his eyes. He turned away and went quickly down the street.

At this moment a young girl, slight and petite in figure, with a face of rare beauty, came in sight in the village street.

Sam's face brightened at the sight of her, and

he managed to get away from the knot of men upon the piazza, and a short while later overtook her in the path which led out to the point.

It happened that Hiram Goodhue, who was riding leisurely homeward in his phaeton, saw the meeting.

"Few suspect," he muttered, "but I am possessed of facts to prove that Olive Martin is heiress to a fortune of half a million left by an uncle interstate in California. She is the nearest of kin. She would make my boy Jack a good wife, and the half million would fill my coffers to overflowing. Ah! I will see that she does not fall into the clutches of that pauper lawyer."

"As for that buried treasure," he continued, "I think I have at last the clue to the hiding place of the treasure. I have discovered an ancient manuscript plan of the interior, and if I am not much mistaken there is a crypt reached by secret stairs under the cellar. I will circumvent them all. I can buy the point and the lighthouse of the Government, and that I will do at once."

Meanwhile, the two lovers, Sam Woods and Olive Martin, were strolling along the cliff path.

"Has anything happened, my love?" Sam asked, solicitously. "You seem depressed."

"Sam, I must tell you all," she burst forth. "I never had such an experience in my life as to-day."

Sam was astonished.

"Why, what was it, darling?" he asked tenderly.

"You know Jack Goodhue?"

"That scamp?"

"Well, he insulted me to-day by actually asking me to marry him. I was never so disgusted in my life. When I refused he became abusive and swore that he would ruin you!"

Sam Woods towered aloft like a young giant. His eyes blazed with righteous wrath.

"That consummate scoundrel!" he cried. "Did he dare to say all that to you? Upon my word, when I see him I'll call him richly to account for it."

By this time they had reached the Proctor cottage. The subject was dropped, but by no means banished from Sam's mind.

They were entertained in a simple fashion by the old people. Before they left, by Sam's request, he and Jerry walked out to the old lighthouse.

They entered, and Sam looked the old place over.

"Jerry," he said, sharply, "they do say that old Fisher's treasure was buried somewhere on this point. Do you believe it?"

"It may be so, lad. I doubt me much, for no one has ever found it."

Sam was thoughtful for a moment.

"Who owns the point, Jerry?" he asked.

"The Government, lad. If the treasure was found, I make free to say the Government would rightfully claim it."

Sam went home that night to indulge in troubled dreams.

Thus matters were, when, like a thunderbolt from the clear sky, the news of a fearful event came crashing down upon him.

It will be remembered that at the opening of

our story, while Sam and Hiram Goodhue were having their argument, a young man of flashy appearance stood near and heard it all.

He had left the group suddenly, and a short distance down the street met a rough, coarse-visaged man of the ruffian type.

"Well, Robin Dane!" he said eagerly, "I have struck a lead at last."

"You don't mean it, Bill Preston!"

"You know we were talking about old Jerry Proctor and his miserly habits. Well, I have a clue that his hoardings are secreted in the old lighthouse."

They then wandered into a "sailors' drinking resort near, and there we will leave them for a while.

Meanwhile, the sharp old speculator, Hiram Goodhue, had opened negotiations for the purchase of the point.

He met with such success that in a few days the papers were in his hands, the transfer was made, and he was the owner of the lighthouse.

The Proctors were dumbfounded when the magistrate rolled up to their door and demanded the keys.

"Ye don't mean to say that ye've bought it, sir?" exclaimed the old man in a stupor.

"That's what I mean to say!" cried Goodhue, pompously, "and you have just twenty-four hours in which to get off my property."

"An' ye don't mean to tear the old light down, friend?" asked Jerry, anxiously.

"What do you think I am here for?" cried Goodhue, angrily. "Certainly not to answer questions. I want to explore the lighthouse from top to bottom. The lower rooms are dark, eh? Well, get me a lantern."

Old Jerry tremblingly obeyed.

In his actions he revealed to the penetrating Goodhue much that was of a betraying nature.

"He knows the hiding-place of the treasure," muttered the money-lender with a chuckle. "I'll get it out of him."

Old Jerry and his wife exchanged frightened glances.

However, they procured the lantern and accompanied the money-lender to the lighthouse.

The upper chambers were all examined, Goodhue keeping his eyes out for a crevice or a niche, but it was not until the lower vaults were reached that anything of a thrilling nature happened.

Then as they entered the cellar chamber and the lantern's light was flashed across the stone floor, a thrilling, agonized cry broke from Old Jerry and his wife.

"Heavens! we are lost, Ann!" he cried. "Who has been here?"

Hiram Goodhue saw the cause of their emotion. In the floor was an aperture once covered by a close-fitting slab.

"Found at last!" he cried, wildly and triumphantly, "the pirate's treasure is mine because I have bought and paid for it!"

He started to descend the steps with the lantern sitting on the floor, but old Jerry and Ann, his wife, made a frenzied rush forward and caught him by the coat-tails.

"Let go!" roared the money-lender angrily, trying to break their hold, which he finally succeeded in doing.

Grasping the lantern, he plunged down into the place.

Instead of heaps of gold and silver, he saw—horrors! blood—blood everywhere, upon the stone floor and walls of the vault, and there in a pool of it lay the frightfully mutilated body of a man.

Hiram Goodhue stopped to see no more. He came out of the vault as if pursued by a fiend.

"Murder!" he yelled, wildly. "Police! help! It is murder!"

Out into the open air he rushed. Back to the town he was madly driven.

What followed was a swift, jumbled, awful series of events.

The fearful report spread all over the little fisher town that old Jerry Proctor and his wife had decoyed a stranger into the lighthouse and murdered him.

In less time than it takes to tell it they were behind prison bars.

Poor Olive Martin was in a whirl of horror and despair.

But through all Sam Woods, the young lawyer, stood up, and said:

"These old people are innocent. I know it, and by my right hand, they shall have justice."

Sam listened to old Jerry's story.

This revealed the fact that the buried treasure of the pirate was as much a myth as ever.

The whole secret was that for years Jerry and his wife had been misers.

Their savings, a matter of a few thousand dollars, they had hoarded up and secreted in the secret vault of the lighthouse.

Their amazement had been greater than anybody's to find the dead body of the unknown man in the vault and every cent of their savings gone.

It was evident that they had been stolen, but the murder was a mystery.

Old Jerry and his wife were held for murder.

Prejudice against the old couple had been very strong.

But the plucky young lawyer had been busy at work.

"I will clear them," he said. "They are innocent."

And he kept his word.

A smart detective at work on the case unearthed the fact that a man had been caught in a neighboring town covered with blood and wounded.

Upon his person were found the exact amount of Old Jerry's savings.

The man was at the point of death.

At once Sam hastened to his side. The result was that he secured a confession in full.

He gave his name as Robin Dane, and he was the accomplice of Bill Preston, the man who had overheard Goodhue's conversation with Sam.

Dane died with the confession upon his lips.

The Proctors were cleared. Their money was recovered, and, profiting by the lesson, they abandoned their miserly ways and lived for better things.

Hiram Goodhue was disappointed in not finding the buried gold, and was glad enough to see the point.

Olive Martin came into her fortune, and in the time she and Sam Woods were happily married.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1921

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

MARINES ON A GOAT HUNT.

So densely populated with goats had a part of Catalina Island, California, become that they were a menace.

The farmers recently appealed to the commander of the Pacific fleet for help, and he detailed a squad of marines to attack the goat enemy.

In a three-day fight nearly 600 goats were killed, and a number of mascots were captured for ships of the fleet.

It is said that many thousands of dollars were saved through the co-operation of the marines—*Popular Science*.

GETS WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Glen Lincoln, a young and prosperous farmer of an Oregon district, father of two children and a widower for four years, wanted a wife. Business affairs were too pressing, he considered, for him to take the time to find one by the customary method, so he advertised.

A committee of neighbors was appointed to advise the young farmer in making his selection. After several young women had answered the advertisement, Miss Helen J. Smith arrived in Cove from an Ohio city and the ceremony was performed by W. E. Harris, Justice of the Peace.

WITHOUT HANDS.

What can be done by courage and perseverance is shown by the fact that the London County Council have just awarded an art scholarship to a boy named Tommy Clack, who was born without hands. The boy, who is only 10, is wonderfully quick and accurate. He balances his pencil, or brush, between the half-formed thumb and the stump of his left hand, and steadies it with the stump of his other hand. Thus he is able to make bold and rapid strokes. Apart from the instruction given him in the physically defective school, the young artist has had no special lessons.

An all-around sport, Tommy plays cricket and football, rides a bicycle and swims. He does everything for himself at home, and even laces his own boots.

SCALERS OF OLD WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK.

Somewhere in the tangled maze of the southern Himalayan mountains three parties of British engineers are working their way through unexplored gorges and passes toward the base of Mount Everest. They are blazing the way for the expedition that will later this summer attempt to scale the granite walls of Everest and conquer the highest mountain peak on the globe.

The first party to leave here, commanded by Maj. Morshead, proceeded up the Teesta Valley and over what is known as the Kangrila route. The other two units, commanded by Col. Bury, intend to meet the Morshead party at Khamba Jong, and then the combined expedition will strike westward toward the village of Tengri Jong, about 30 miles north of the Everest group. From thence will start the party which will try to reach the summit of the dominating peak of the range.

Before the actual work of scaling the stupendous slopes of Everest can begin, however, engineers must carefully survey all approaches to the mountain and try to find the most practicable route to the top.

LAUGHS

Freddie—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes? Mother—Yes, my boy. Freddie—Then why did pa put a button in the missionary box?

Mr. Gotham (looking over the market reports)—The paper says there was quite a flurry in beef yesterday. Mrs. Gotham—Gracious me! Did some more steers break loose?

"Why didn't you ask for your transfer as you entered the car?" demanded the conductor. "Because I saw a seat and wanted to get it before the man behind me could get it," the woman replied, calmly.

Little Bessie—How will I know when I'm naughty? Mother—Your conscience will tell you, dear. Little Bessie—I don't care about what it tells me—will it tell you?

Old Farmer (tending threshing machine to applicant for a job)—Ever done any thrashing? Applicant (modestly)—Well, some. I am the father of seventeen children, sir.

Modest Suitor—I am going to marry your sister, Willie, but I know I am not good enough for her. Candid Little Brother—That's what sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.

"Why did the teacher send you home?" His father spoke sternly to his son. "Well, she wanted to give me a set of books, which one of the fellows I know used last term, and I can't take them because he had gotten all there was to learn out of them."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BRITISH NAVAL GUNS.

In the British House of Commons, it was recently announced in answer to a question that it was not the policy of the British Admiralty to set the pace in respect to increasing the size of naval guns. Mr. Amery for the Admiralty declined to arrange for a plant being installed in the Royal Gun Factory, Woolwich, to manufacture guns of 24-inch caliber ninety feet in length, which had been suggested by some of the big gun advocates:

SHOOTS PANTHER FROM PORCH.

When a prowling cougar crossed the Pacific highway, near the north end of Jackson prairie, eleven miles southeast of Chehalis, Wash., it fell a victim to a rifle shot fired by George Blattner, who was sitting on his front porch. One shot near the heart caused the animal to give a wild lunge into the air and fall dead. The cougar measured seven feet three inches from tip to tip, and was a hungry-looking female. It is thought that lack of food emboldened it to come out in the open.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The backslider who slides into a steamboat excursion better than he slides into his pew is not necessarily of this generation. In 1821 the clergy of New York city held a meeting at the city hall to get the sense of the community. It did not take long to find out what the people wanted and they disapproved of the interference of the clergy. The speed of the steamboats was slow, six to nine miles an hour. Those going up the Sound could not always negotiate Hell Gate and the owners provided libraries sufficient for a modern liner to while away the tedium.

A NEW CLOCK.

A new German clock that records all kinds of things besides time aroused the interest of Consul Bredt at Prague to such an extent that he wrote the Commerce Department all about it. He saw it at a fair and said it would tell the second of the minute, minute of the hour, hour of the day, day of the week, week of the months, month of the year, season of the year, position of the stars and the exact position of the earth in its orbit, all for the trifling cost of 5,000 Austrian crowns, or about \$50 in real money.

CANALS FOR GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Garden of Eden is to be irrigated and made fit for human habitation. At least so say the French and British Governments. The Garden was a prize of the late war which they won, conjointly; and which, conjointly, they must now retrieve from the evil days into which it fell under the rule of the Turk. Eden, as understood in this proposal, consists of millions of fertile acres fifty miles west of Bagdad along the Euphrates River. When Herodotus, who was born in 384 B. C., visited Mesopotamia, he said he found it "a forest of verdure from end to end." The Babylonians,

whose country it was, were famed for their canals; their system of irrigation has amazed engineers through all the ages since and is still a matter of wonder to twentieth century scientists.

An intricate system of canals that watered all Babylonia spreads its ruins in the sands for miles around Bagdad. One giant waterway, the Narawan, ran parallel with the Tigris for 300 miles. The date of the building of Narawan was probably about 2500 or 4000 B. C. There were older canals in this area, however, along the ruined sites of which the Anglo-French canal building will be carried on. According to archaeologists the Garden of Eden was situated in this territory, but where is a matter of conjecture.

VOLCANO ROUTED ARMY.

Footprints 130 years old of a Hawaiian army that fled from the wrath of Pele, goddess of the active volcano of Kilauea, near here, are believed to have been discovered in the Kua desert, Hilo, Island of Hawaii, south of the great crater, by Professor T. A. Jagger, Jr., in charge of the volcano observatory.

Dr. Jagger and his party were exploring a region far removed from any of the known modern trails when they came upon an area thickly covered with the imprint of naked feet, all pointing in the one direction, all deep at the toes and light at the heels, indicating that the makers of the tracks had been running at top speed.

The tracks originally had been made in volcanic ash, which is strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid and gypsum and which, when wet by rain, settles into a hard concrete, thus explaining the preservation of the imprints for a period believed to have stretched over more than a century and a quarter.

Hawaiian legend and history provide the other side of the story, the connection between the Kau desert tracks and the flight of the army of Keoua, King of Kau, from Pele's wrath.

Keoua led an army of three divisions against King Kamchameha, who later united all the Hawaiian islands under his sway, in the year 1790. This year also recorded the last explosive eruption of Kilauea volcano. Hawaiian legend records the fact that some of Keoua's warriors rolled stone sinto Kilauea crater to mark their disrespect for the goddess of the molten lake. Whatever the reason for the outburst, Pele rose in her wrath; and, with a terrific explosive eruption, totally wiped out the second division of Keoua's army.

The footprints found in the Kau desert are believed to be those of men of the first division, who, seeing the destruction of their comrades in the rear, fled from the locality. The third division coming up saw the bodies of the annihilated second and halted.

The area where the footprints were discovered is part of the new Kilauea National Park, which will be dedicated this year, and stones already have been taken to inclose the tracks and preserve them.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BOY SCOUTS EARN YELLOWSTONE JOURNEY BY SCRUBBING FLOORS.

Off for Yellowstone Park, 191 Clinton Boy Scouts began to reap their reward for many hours of scrubbing floors and running errands, by which each of them earned \$25 for the trip. Accompanied by eighty-six adults the Boy Scouts departed on their 3,000-mile journey in fifty-six automobiles and trucks.

The pilgrimage was sponsored and financed by the Cliton Scout Council. The tourists will traverse five states and are to be met by four Governors.

FINES HIS OWN DAUGHTER \$1 AND COSTS AND PAYS IT.

Judge H. B. Shaw, of the local court, Burlington, Vt., fined his daughter, Elizabeth, \$1 and cost amounting to \$8.05 when she appeared before him charged with violating a city ordinance.

The young woman, a student at the University of Vermont, pleaded guilty to a charge of parking her automobile in Church Street longer than the fifteen minutes permitted by traffic regulations. Court attaches said the judge was noticed later writing a check for the amount of the fine.

CAPE COD CANAL FOR \$11,500,000.

Purchase by the Government of the Cape Cod Canal for \$11,500,000 has been recommended to Congress by Secretary Weeks.

The purchase price, it was announced at the War Department, has been agreed on by the canal company and the department. It is approximately \$5,000,000 less than the price allowed by a Federal Court jury at Boston in condemnation proceedings instituted by the Government.

The jury award of \$16,651,000 was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, not on account of the amount involved, a statement issued at the War Department said, but for various errors in the methods of computing the value of the canal. New negotiations then were instituted outside the courts and an agreeement reached.

HOW WE GET CAMPHOR.

The camphor output of Formosa, combined with that of Japan, constitutes the bulk of the world's supply of this valuable gum. The most valuable of the camphor forests, it appears, are within savage territory. An American consular officer who visited a Formosa camphor forest has made an interesting report on the subject.

After climbing a steep and slippery hillside he came upon a large camphor tree lying felled across his path. It was about four feet in diameter and had been sawed longitudinally in two portions. Two men were engaged in paring off with a kind of gouge shaped adz chips measuring some six inches in length and about the thickness of one's little finger. The whole air was pervaded by a strong odor of camphor. A little further up the hill he found the stills themselves, situated by the side of a mountain stream, amid the most luxuriant vegetation.

The process by which the camphor is extracted

from the wood is simple and inexpensive. The chips are placed in an iron retort and heated by a slow fire. The camphor vapor given off from the chips passes along a bamboo tube into a cooling box, where it condenses in the form of snow-like crystals. The cooling box is partially immersed in a stream of running water. The chips are renewed every twenty-four hours, and every eighth day or so the fire is extinguished and the crystals scraped off from the sides and bottom of the crystallization box.

BOY OF FOURTEEN A MENTAL MARVEL.

John Huston, of Phoenix, Ariz., fourteen years old and bed-ridden, has been pronounced by high medical authorities as possessing the most remarkable mentality they have known in any child. At the age of three years and seven months John delivered an address at the dedication exercises of the Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, reciting fifty-one verses on the War of '76. His oration was distinctly heard by the 10,000 persons in the audience. Aside from this, he has taken prominent parts in numerous functions and gatherings, among them national encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the Grand Army of the Republic John ranks as brigadier general, an honor bestowed by that organization. He also has a huge American flag presented to him by the Spanish-American War Veterans.

In his mother's home he has installed a powerful wireless apparatus. He supervised all of this work. Some of its parts are of his own manufacture. A United States government license posted recognizes John as an amateur wireless telegrapher.

During his "listening in" periods young Huston has picked up messages or parts of them from stations as far away as Nauen, Germany, and he daily hears Mexico City.

Only recently John's mother telephoned in to the office of the *Arizona Gazette*, inquiring if that paper had a report of a "bad wreck near Pueblo, Col." A Pullman had burned, she said, on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, with a heavy loss of life. The Associated Press leased wire only a few minutes before had brought in the story almost as John had heard it through his set from a distance of approximately 1,200 miles.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

EX-MESSENGER BOY IS EXCHANGE MEMBER

There came to light recently the story of the rise of William Brandriss from a telegraph messenger boy to a member of the Stock Exchange with a seat for which he paid \$91,000. In twenty - three years Brandriss has held two jobs. The first he kept a year and the other he still has—or had recently when official announcement was made that he had bought the New York Stock Exchange seat of John M. Anderson, deceased.

The new Stock Exchange member started at 13 as messenger at \$4 a week. Then he came under the notice of J. J. Manning, the largest individual trader on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, who was impressed by the lad and offered a job to him as office boy in the Manning establishment. The youth accepted, and in a few years had worked himself up from his \$5 office boy's job to that of office manager, which he has held down ever since.

Mr. Brandriss is 36 years old and since leaving school, twenty-three years ago, he has devoted a great portion of his leisure hours to educating himself and fitting himself for the work he has undertaken.



Ford Auto

GIVEN AWAY

SOLVE this puzzle, win Ford Auto votes free. The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1, B is 2, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T".) What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money. I have already given away many autos. You can own an auto.

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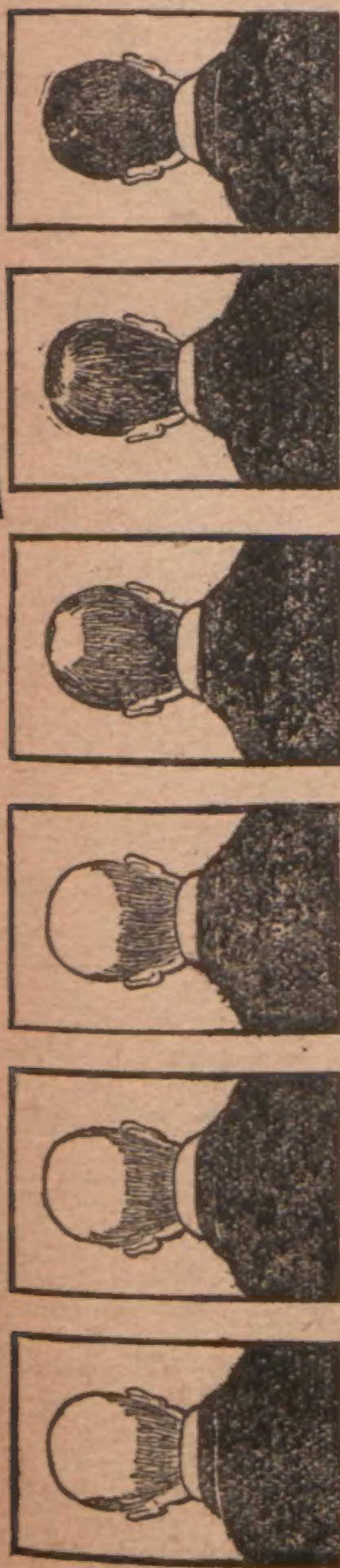
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